

the Tatler

& BYSTANDER

2/-

SEPTEMBER 14, 1955



Autumn Fashion Number

from the **permanent collection** of cleverchange clothes that neverdate

NOW AVAILABLE IN WETHERALL BLU, RACIN' TAN, SPORTIN' GREEN, HUNTIN' PINK, COLT GREY.

PLEASE SEND FOR PATTERNS



NO. 2. "THE ENGLISH WAY OF SPORTIN' LIFE"

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WETHERALL



bond street sportsclothes

CO-ORDINATIN' FROCK in new LUXURY TIECIL about 12½ guineas . BLOUSE about 3 guineas . HAT about 2½ guineas . SCARF about 1 guinea . NEW ADJUSTABLE RACESTICK about 4½ guineas . DERBY/GRAND NATIONAL scarf about 4 guineas . HORSE HEADCLIP about ½ guinea. THE WETHERALL HOUSE . BOND STREET . LONDON . W.I.

co-ordinatin' outfits**" created for**

(FEATURING THIS SEASON'S YEARLINGS FROM THE WETHERALL STUDIO STUD). ANOTHER WETHERALL WINNER TODAY IN THE SEARCH FOR PERMANENT COLLECTION CLASSICS OF TOMORROW

WETHERALL CO-ORDINATIN' OUTFIT POLICY. WHEN YOU ENTER A WETHERALL SALON YOU CAN DRESS FROM TOP TO TOE IN ONE "CO-ORDINATIN'" THEME AND OBTAIN A COMPLETE OUTFIT INCLUDING UTTERLY NEW YEARLING MODELS AND ALL ACCESSORIES IN CONNOISSEUR COLOURINGS FEATURING THE FAMOUS SADDLESNUPH AND BUDGE BLU. INSPIRED BY OUR SIR PETER LELY PAINTINGS OF LADIES OF THE COURT AND PATRONS OF THE TURF, IN LUXURY RACIN' PLAID, DONEMARA, DOESKINS, CASHMERES THE GREATEST SPORTIN' FABRICS OF ALL TYME. WOVEN TO OUR OWN DESIGN AND COLOUR.

**reader"****"wetheral leadership"****new**breathlessly smart **bridlebrown****//**

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//**FOURway topcoats****wetherall**

cleverchange • worn tie or buckle belted half or unbelted

handtailored saddlestitched • for racin' huntin' shootin' and luxury travel

the heavenly blend of blublooded lambswool doeskin and pure cashmere

ethereally light blissfully warm • the secret is two luxury cloths woven together

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 cream from 22/6d
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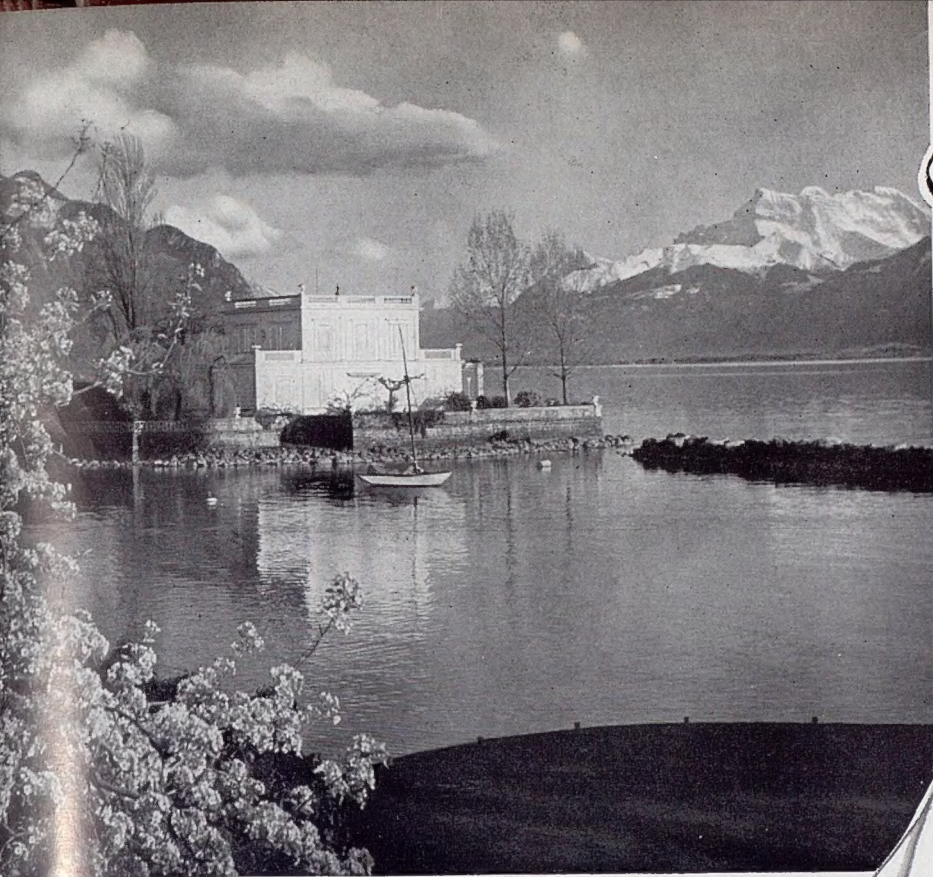
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from dawn to dusk and on again to daybreak.

From selected stores throughout Great Britain.

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Nylon Nightgown. In White,
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For inner warmth



Write for 'Pictures of Autumn C

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At first glance - simply a superbly
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with a lovely sweep of collar. Hard to
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About 18 gns

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They say it takes three weeks to make a Mink coat . . .
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Being enveloped in that precious softness isn't everything.

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just run through it.

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different types of Mink, from wild to mutation.

I Mustn't

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You really should KNOW
something about Mink before
purchasing. "Lady into Mink"—
a treatise on Mink by England's
leading Mink specialists, will
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THREE-PIECE—check tweed suit with double breasted box jacket lined black coney.

In royal/black, brown/black, wine/black. 36, 38 and 40 hips.

Model Suits—First Floor

The TATLER and Bystander,
SEPTEMBER 14, 1955



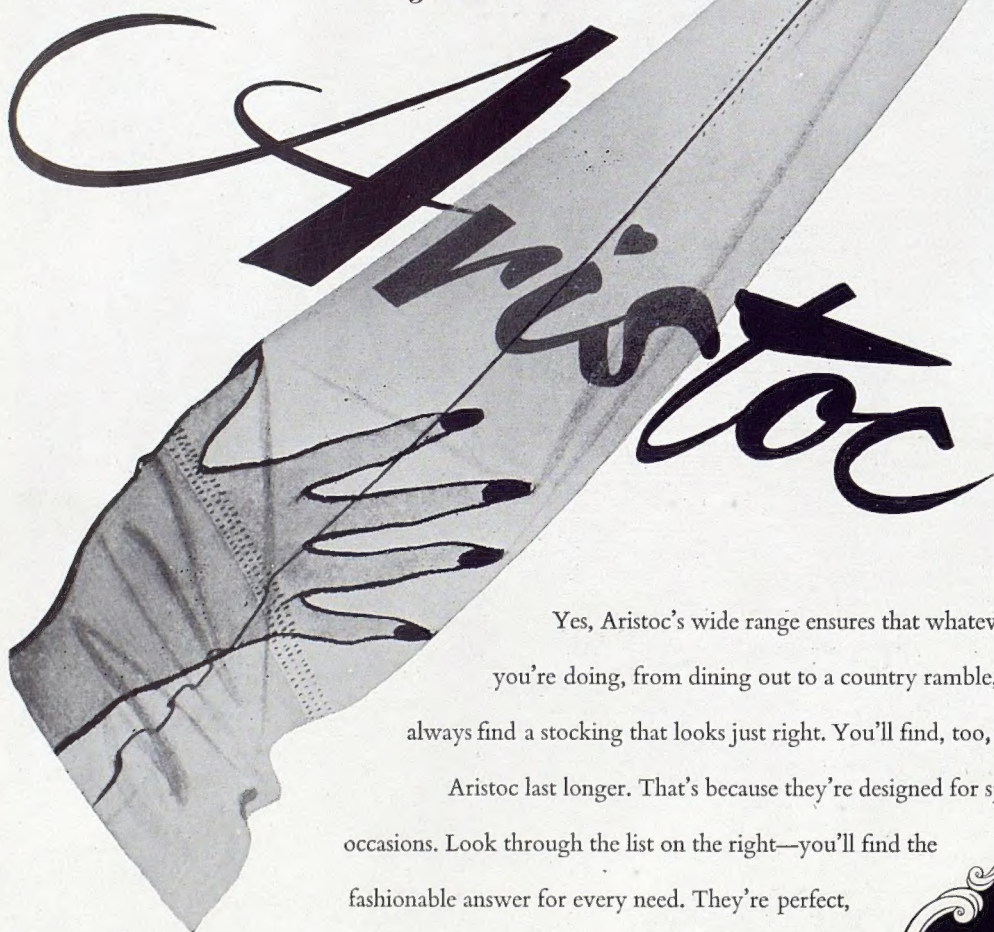
Woodlands

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SLOANE 4545

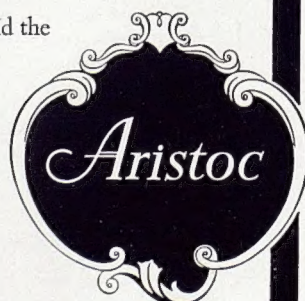
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"Such a wide choice—
there's one for
every possible occasion"

that's why I wear



Yes, Aristoc's wide range ensures that whatever
you're doing, from dining out to a country ramble, you can
always find a stocking that looks just right. You'll find, too, that
Aristoc last longer. That's because they're designed for specific
occasions. Look through the list on the right—you'll find the
fashionable answer for every need. They're perfect,
too—they come in a trim, sealed pack. And they're made
in an excitingly subtle choice of colours.



Choose from this
wonderful Aristoc range

Ultra Sheer

MISTIQUE Glamorous, gossamer-fine 12 denier nylons for very special occasions. Extra light heel and foot reinforcement for wear with open shoes and sandals. Mistique in the "Pair and Spare" pack containing three stockings, costs one guinea.

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ASCOT Light as a summer cloud, these wonderful nylons will flatter you happily all day long. Made with Aristoc's exclusive 40-twist yarn for extra cling, their lovely, lasting beauty gives new elegance for day time wear as well. Price 10/11d. a pair.

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VISHEEN Perfect for wear on all occasions which call for comfort and long lasting beauty, too. These lovely *peachbloom* nylons have amazing cling, long life and look exceptionally sheer. Price 13/11d. a pair.

30 DENIER MESH Aristoc's popular lace mesh stockings with the non-ladder construction. Attractive, practical and strongly recommended for all outdoor activities.

Price 11/6d. a pair.

LANDSDOWNE These classic semi-sheers bring added loveliness to everyday occasions. Aristoc's special treatment of 30 twist nylon gives extra cling and long life. Just see how smart and sensible they are.

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DIMSHEEN Delightful pure silk crepe—an excellent choice for those who cannot wear sheer stockings or who like the warm and friendly feel of silk. Price 15/11d. a pair.

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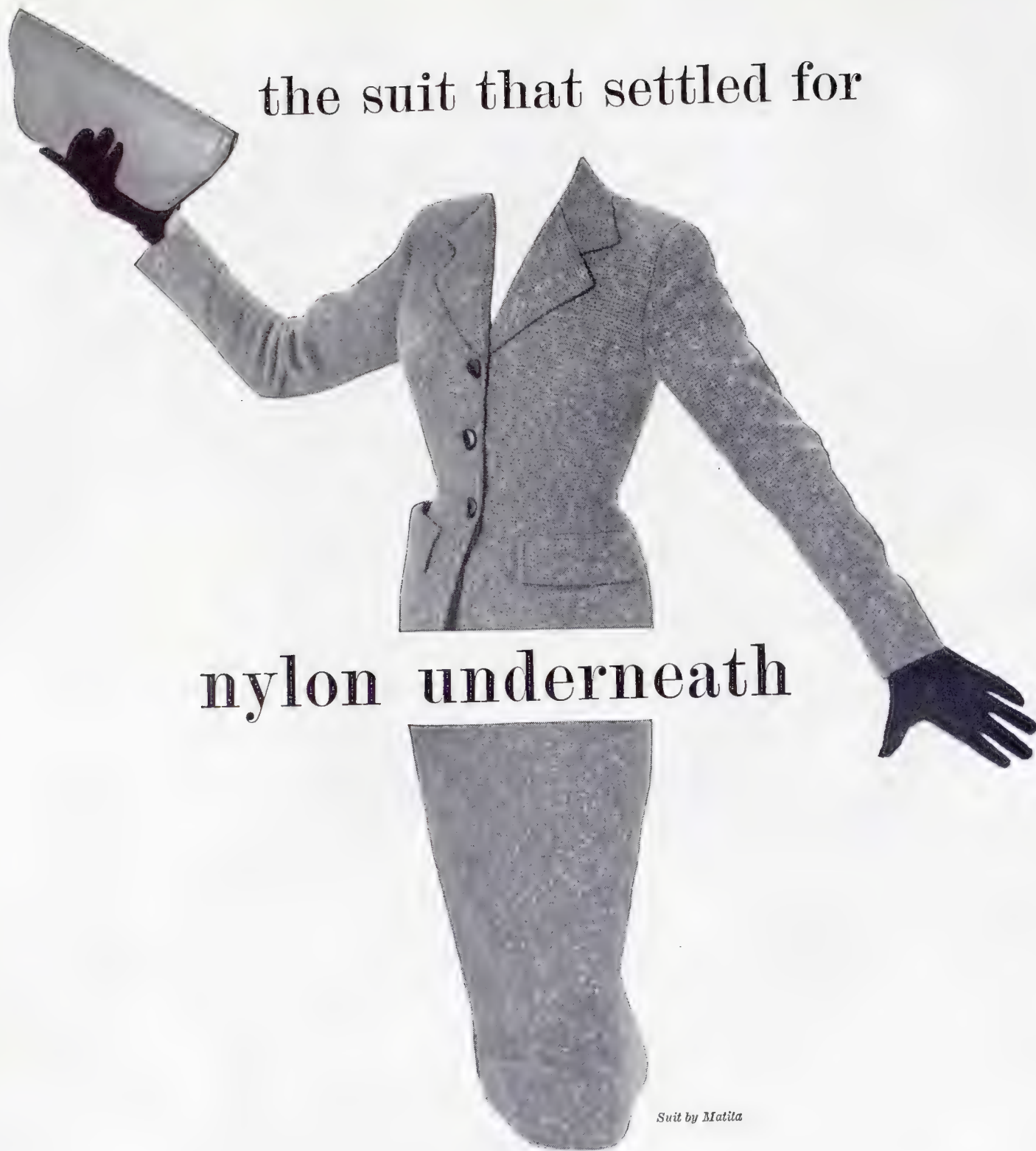
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throughout
the country

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nylon *for lingerie*

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STOLEMATE suit . . . 'boxy' jacket and detachable fringed stole. Both lined colourful wool jersey and topping slim skirt. 'Crinkle-worsted' tweed black/white and brown/white. 14 gns

POCKETAIRE A handsome coat buttoned high, and pockets topped by ovalled straps. In our own 'Cru-Cut' in fifteen rich colours. 11 gns

MAGNIFIQUE Coat with an opulent air . . . the collar—detachable—a rich sweep of Beaver Lamb. Fleecey 'Cuddle' cloth in six enchanting colours. 16 gns

deréta for town and country

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Raglan-sleeved crew-neck sweater

also cardigans

pullovers and waistcoats

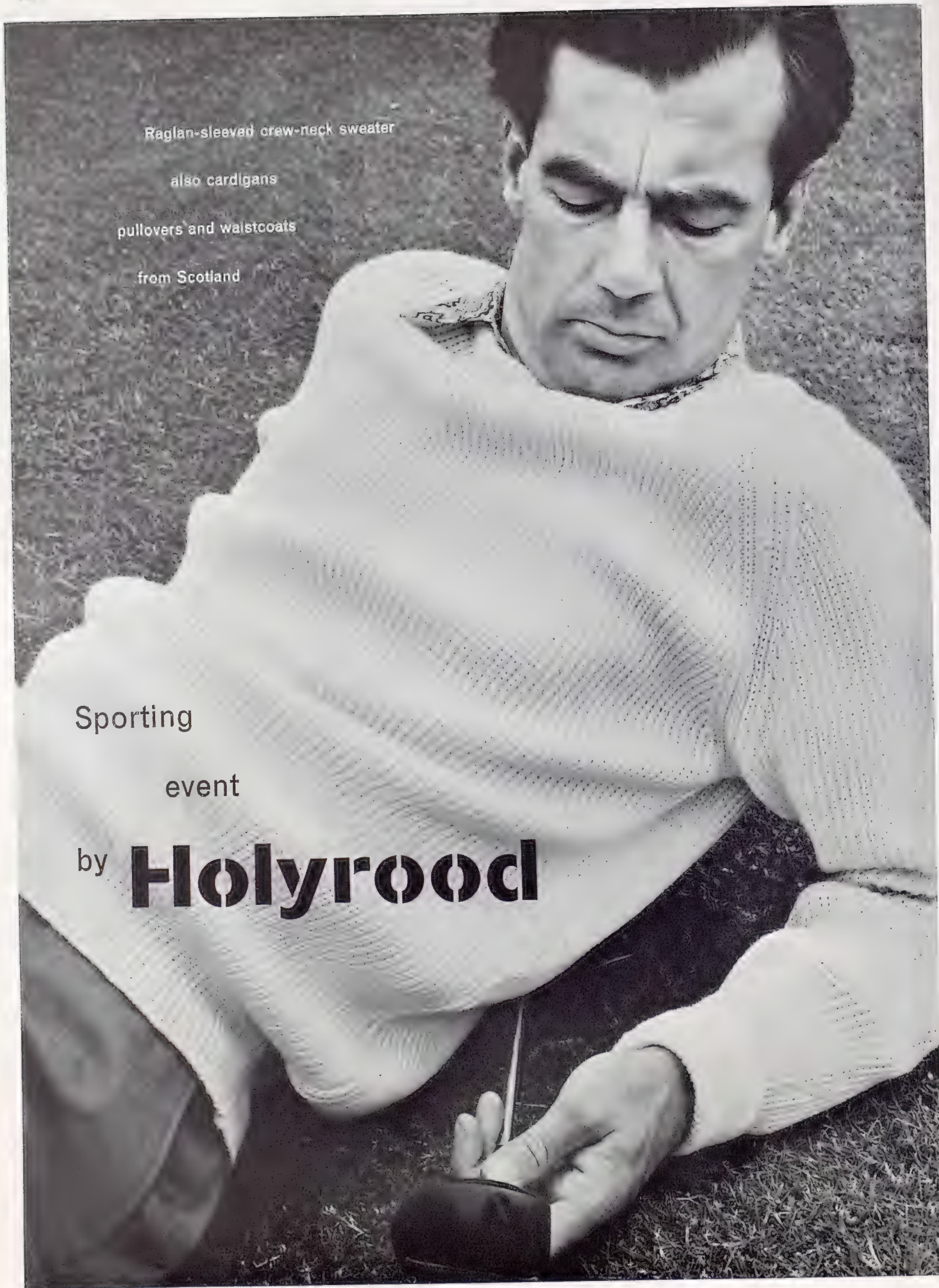
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Sporting

event

by

Holyrood



who is she?

Look at her!



SNOWLINE another glorious reversible by Hershelle.

Aglow with colour one side—ablaze with
white plush the other.

Flaunt the featherloom wool, and the flash of
a snowwhite lining sparkles
the brilliant colour. Reverse it and let the hint
of colour inside set fire to the snow.

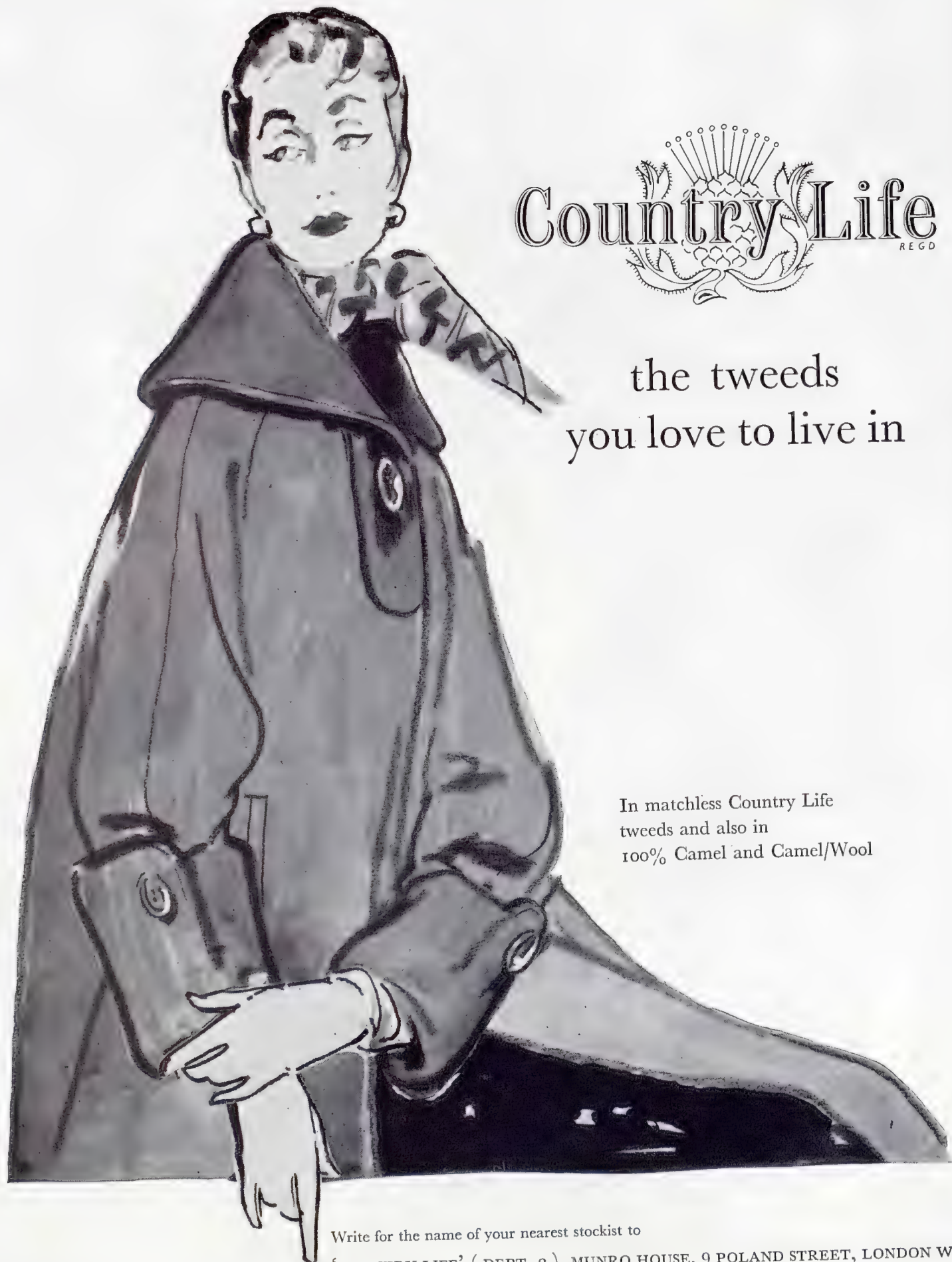
Wonderful colours including
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Copper and Black—all iced with
that gleaming plush.

Two coats in one for 16 gns.

At the principal stores and fashion shops everywhere.



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REGD

the tweeds
you love to live in

In matchless Country Life
tweeds and also in
100% Camel and Camel/Wool

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FASHION BERETS





lovely lingerie by

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Low set Beaver lamb collar
trims this elegant velour suit.
Height-of-fashion colours.

16 guineas.

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THE ever-useful frock in perfectly fitting, resilient jersey.

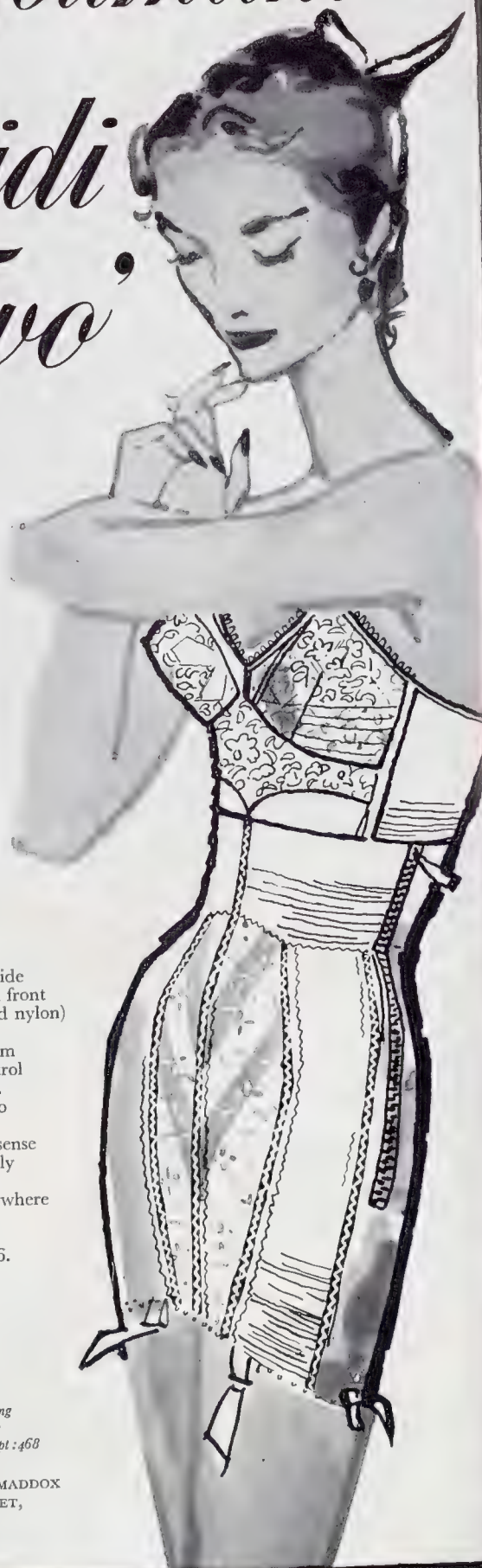
With stitched pleated skirt, long tailored sleeves with turn back cuffs and a neatly fitting collar. Exclusive to us in Scotland. In duckling green, turquoise, cherry, mid grey, marl. 36 to 42 hips. 6½ gns.

POST ORDERS RECEIVE CAREFUL ATTENTION

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A new Youthline- Midi Two

Now—a feather-light version of the beloved *Midi One*. And by feather-light we mean just that—half the weight of *Midi One*! Yet *Midi Two* (thanks to the finest of fine elastic web, the lightest of satin side and back panels and front panel of embroidered nylon) will give you the same wonderfully firm above-the-waist control and smooth contour. Above all, *Midi Two* will give you a gorgeously carefree sense of well-being, scarcely possible to believe. At good shops everywhere in white and wild-rose pink. Sizes 25"-36"—139/6.



For illustrated brochure giving details of other models in the Youthline range write to Dept: 468 W. B. FOUNDATIONS (WHOLESALE ONLY) MADDOX HOUSE, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1.

Each model in Rembrandt's brilliant new series of Limited Editions is by a distinguished designer—many are swift translations from the French. Each is made in superb fabric, chosen from Europe's finest mills. Each is to a high degree exclusive, being made only in a limited number and distributed to a skilful plan. This is couture, in effect—at a new low cost.

The model shown, jersey Cloth of Gold

12 guineas slightly more for size 20

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EDITIONS



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Edward Allen

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RUBY &
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BROOCH, MOUNTED
IN PLATINUM &
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That long moulded look fashion is so in love with — achieved by a Pringle of Scotland jacket with exciting details: 'Mirabelle': long-torso jacket in pure cashmere with a marvellously fashioned demi-delta armhole and three-quarter sleeve. In city grey, white, mistletoe green, navy, hibiscus. or hyacinth. Sizes 34 - 38. £7.13.6

'Morar': long, casual, chic jacket in Geelong lambswool, with double ribbing round close-fitting neck and front, fastening with knit-covered buttons. In mistletoe green, black, white, bluebird, squirrel, or cherry. Sizes 34 - 38. £6.10.0



Women's Knitwear — fifth floor

Simpson (Piccadilly) Ltd,

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Ballito colour-banding is your guide to good dressing. In the shop, in your drawer, you can choose at a glance the right stocking to suit the occasion. But it's good sense too, for nylons wisely worn mean nylons lasting longer. And Ballito, as you know, are famed for their beautiful quality and ankle-clinging fit.

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ballito
fashion-keyed nylons



Well bred by BURBERRYS

You see here a typical Burberry masterpiece. This beautiful coat is in camel hair, tailored by Burberrys. A woman's dream! And it cannot go "out of fashion". It is a lifetime's possession.

PRICE 37 GUINEAS

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By
SIMMONE



Black lace and net evening gown heavily embroidered with sequins and bugle beads showing new "T" line

For nearest stockist apply

SIMMONE, 18 CURZON STREET, LONDON, W.1

CLASSIC KNITWEAR

Left

Tailored botany wool sweater, buttoned to the neck with a trim collar — a perfect partner for Autumn suits. Primrose Yellow, Sky, Carbon Grey, Navy. Sizes 34", 36", 38", 40". £2.9.6



Above

Fashion decrees — the fully trimmed sweater. Here a ribbed wool sweater is topped with a softly rounded Musquash collar which is easily detachable. The sweater in Gold, Wafer, Sky, Peacock, Maple Red. Sizes 36", 38", 40". £6.10.6

and now — The 'Orlon' Twin Set

The classic Twin Set — in 'Orlon.' This wonder fibre, so popular in America and now available in this country for the first time, makes our classic, fully-fashioned twin set. 'Orlon' is warm to wear, kitten-soft to handle — washes as new, dries quickly, does not shrink and is mothproof. In lovely pastel tones — Blue, Pink, Bamboo, Straw and White. Sizes 34", 36", 38", 40". £4.19.6

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129 PRINCES ST. EDINBURGH — THE QUADRANT, BOURNEMOUTH



DICKINS AND JONES

REGENT STREET • LONDON W.1

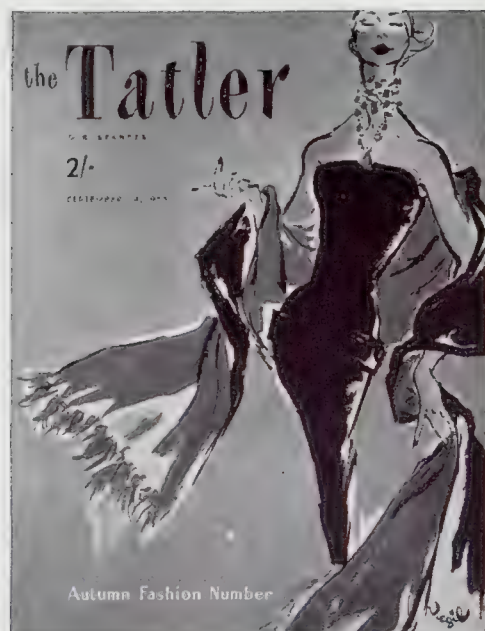
In knobbly tweed.

Wide choice of colours.

Either model, 18 guineas.



PRIMA



PAMELA DEGIL painted the cover subject for this week's issue, which presents a woman of high fashion, whose jewels and floating stole stress the classic severity of her evening gown. Miss Degil, who is twenty-four, has travelled a good deal in France, and has an unusually keen eye for *la mode*. She lives in Hampstead, and apart from the serious business of fashion illustration, numbers among her interests such diverse ones as gardening and politics

DIARY OF THE WEEK

From September 14 to September 21

Sept. 14 (Wed.) Argyllshire Highland Gathering at Oban (two days).

Racing at Yarmouth and Windsor (to 15th).

Western Meeting, Ayr (three days).

Dance given by Lord Inchcape for Lady Rosemary Mackay and for the Hon. Simon Mackay's coming-of-age, at Glenapp Castle, Ballantrae, Ayrshire.

First night: *Lucky Strike* (Apollo).

Sept. 15 (Thurs.) Steeplechasing at Wincanton. Thame Show, Thame, Oxon.

International Sheepdog Trials (to 17th), Edinburgh.

Oban Ball.

First night: *Romance in Candlelight* (Piccadilly Theatre).

Sept. 16 (Fri.) Racing at Haydock (and 17th).

Racing at Kempton (and 17th).

London Motor Club's London Rally (and 17th).

Sept. 17 (Sat.) Racing at Chepstow and Bogsides.

International T.T. Race, Belfast.

Sept. 18 (Sun.) Golf: Home international matches, Royal Birkdale, Southport.

Sept. 19 (Mon.) Racing at Edinburgh (and 20th).

Racing at Leicester (and 20th).

Highland Tennis Tournament, Pitlochry, Perthshire (to 24th).

Sept. 20 (Tues.) Racing at Brighton (to 21st).

First Perth Ball.

Eton College Half begins.

First night: *La Bohème* (Palace).

First night: *The Turn of the Screw* (Scala).

Northern Meeting Piping Championships (and 21st), Inverness.

Sept. 21 (Wed.) Queen Mother visits Falkland Palace, Fife.

Perth Hunt Meeting, Scone (and 22nd).

Racing at Worcester.

Harrow Half begins.

First night: *Rigoletto* (Sadler's Wells).

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—is through our year-long service of permanent waving . . . a service which will keep your coiffure looking soft and natural *always*. For but a single annual payment, this unique method provides permanent waving treatment, whenever it is needed, throughout the year. May we send you fuller details? We should also like to tell you about the *NEWLY INTRODUCED* "follow through" CUT . . . a quite magical new Antoine technique that energises and prepares the hair. This makes it easier to comb and vitalises its response to changes of coiffure.

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Another beautiful Cashmere

Ballantyne^{by}
OF PEEBLES



at *Debenham & Freebody*
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ONE OF THE LOVELIEST PERFUMES YOU WILL EVER KNOW



Bond Street
by Yardley

and 'Bond Street' Cologne echoes its fragrance through the day



Desmond O'Neill

A terrace in the Riviera sun

MR. AND MRS. ANTONY NORMAN pictured on the terrace of their villa Clocher de la Garoupe at Cap d'Antibes. Mrs. Norman, daughter of Mr. John Watson Hughes, and daughter-in-law of the Hon. Lady Norman, is renowned for her chic. She is here wearing a floral beach jacket and jeans, a fashion much to the fore among the smartest women on the Riviera this season. The Clocher stands close to the fine Château de la Garoupe, built by Mr. Norman's grandfather, the first Lord Aberconway, in 1907, and possesses a beautiful 100-acre estate



Eric Coop

Lord and Lady Trefgarne with their family

IN the sitting-room of their delightful home, Dale, near Crowborough, Sussex, Lord and Lady Trefgarne sit with their sons, the Hons. David, Trevor and Gwion Trefgarne, aged fourteen, eleven and two, and their daughter, Mary, who is nine. Lord Trefgarne, a barrister-at-law, was a Member of Parliament for some fifteen years, holding several important Government positions during World War Two. More recently he has been Chairman of the Television Advisory Committee and of the Colonial Development Corporation. His wife, whom he married in 1940, was formerly Miss Elizabeth Churchill

*A barrister-peer relaxes
in his South Country home*

NEW PAINTING OF PRINCESS ALICE

ONE of the most recent paintings of H.R.H. Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, was completed last winter by Mr. Hector Whistler, a cousin of the late Rex Whistler and a resident of Jamaica, whilst H.R.H. was on holiday there. The likeness was commissioned by the University of the West Indies, of which the Princess is Chancellor



Social Journal

Jennifer

IN THE CITY OF THE DOGES

FROM the South of France I went on for a few days to Venice where they were enjoying a very successful season. I made my journey by air in a Convair of Italian Airlines as far as Milan, then by train to Venice, as the plane from Nice did not connect with the small plane which flies on to the airport at the Lido.

This was my first visit to Venice. I had heard that it is one of the most beautiful cities in the world, and was not disappointed, for it is unique, built as it is on over a hundred tiny islands. Arriving around midnight I travelled by gondola to the Danieli Hotel on Riva degli Schiavoni. As we went slowly up the Grand Canal, my gondolier singing a lilting Italian

song, he would break off at intervals to point out the various places of interest. The only disturbance to this peaceful and traditional water journey was the number of private and public motor boats and launches still running at this late hour up and down the canal.

VENICE was packed with visitors of every nationality. One heard not only Italian, American, English, French and German spoken, but also Norwegian, Swedish, Spanish, Dutch—in fact nearly every known language. Many people stayed in Venice and went out to the Lido by day to bathe and sunbathe from one of the numerous cabanas. Others stayed in hotels or villas on the Lido, which is a fairly

large island with a village and shops of its own, about fifteen minutes' run in a motor boat from the city. Those staying on the Lido usually came into Venice in the late afternoon for some of the many private parties given at this time of the year, or to visit the beautiful buildings and galleries, or to shop and dine—probably out of doors—at one of the many good restaurants in the city.

AMONG these, I enjoyed a delicious dinner out of doors at Martinis on Campo S. Fantini, where you can dance in the adjoining vine roofed night club later; also Taverna La Fenice where the cuisine is excellent and last

[Continued overleaf]



Miss Janet Pope, chairman of the Ball Committee, Mr. A. C. Parsons, Miss Zoe Cooper of the Committee, and Capt. Richard Holy-Hasted, 16/5 Lancers



Mr. W. G. Skyrme, Miss Edna Daubeney, Mr. J. W. Marsh, Mr. David Willis, Miss Elizabeth Skyrme and Miss Gunilla Svanteson from Sweden

Continuing The Social Journal

Treasure palace on the Grand Canal

but not least the cool terrace restaurant of the Danieli which also has superb food. This is a very comfortable hotel to stay in, with excellent service; and there is the advantage of an air-conditioned lounge and other public rooms.

I know of friends who come back to Venice year after year, and now I can realize why they return. There is so much of real beauty to see, that for the newcomer it is quite breathtaking and bewildering. I was warned it would be extremely hot in the city and that mosquitoes were rampant. I can only say I was never too warm, in spite of filling in every moment of my very brief stay with activity, and was happily not eaten up by mosquitoes. However, at times I was thankful for a small travelling bottle of Lanvin's Arpège (which I always carry in my bag), especially on some of the smaller and very narrow waterways of the city!

DURING my stay I took a motor boat down to see the sixteenth-century Palazzo Rezzonico, designed by Longhena about 1680. This is a stupendous palace of opulent splendour, right on the Grand Canal. The magnificent halls and other reception rooms with their murals and painted ceilings are in many cases sumptuously furnished with the original furniture.

On the top floor, which was added in 1745 by Giorgio Massari, there is a hall of costumes of that period, and a puppet theatre in perfect condition with a fine collection of mid-eighteenth-century puppets. Next to this is a marvellously equipped laboratory, with all the original instruments of pharmacists of the day. In several other rooms on this floor are very fine collections of Italian porcelain.

Mr. Oliver Messel, one of our greatest decorative artists, had suggested this Palazzo among several other lovely spots to visit. He told me how on his first visit to Venice in the early thirties he had been to a memorable party given by Mr. Cole Porter and his wife in this Palazzo Rezzonico, when the colour scheme was red and white, and all guests had to adhere to it. Even the clever wire walkers, he said, who

gave a cabaret turn high up across the magnificent courtyard, were dressed in these colours. No doubt some readers will recall this party with nostalgic memories.

Mr. Messel, who seldom has time for a real holiday, is spending several weeks in Venice combining a little rest and pleasure with working on designs for the set of *Arms And The Man*. Sir Alexander Korda is shortly going to make this film with Alec Guinness in the leading rôle.

HARRY'S BAR, on the Grand Canal not far from San Marco, is a great meeting place for all visitors to Venice. A speciality in drinks here is champagne and peach juice, and one of their best-known dishes is *scampi fermidor*. The Marquess and Marchioness of Willingdon, the former complete with the brown felt hat and rolled umbrella so beloved by the Englishman, came in to lunch.

I met Emlyn Williams and his charming wife, who with their two sons were spending a few weeks in Venice. Mr. Williams was having a well-earned rest between the end of his successful London season at the Globe Theatre, and the start of his autumn season, which begins in Holland at the end of this month, when he will give his famous rendering of Charles Dickens. Later, he told me, he is going to play Dylan Thomas in Wales.

At another table I saw Miss Yolanda Calvo-coressi escorted by Mr. Philip Bryant with a party of young friends.

LUNCHING out at the Lido I saw Lord and Lady Kilmarnock, who had been sun-bathing at one of the cabanas; also Mr. and Mrs. Ronnie Tree, who were staying in Venice and came out daily to their cabana with Mrs. Tree's lovely fair-haired daughter Miss Frances Fitzgerald. The Duke of Buccleuch was another visitor to the city this summer. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Tiarks and their very pretty teenage daughter Henrietta, who makes her début in 1957, spent several weeks on the Lido, and thoroughly enjoyed their stay.

Another enchanting young girl bathing there that morning was Miss Francesca Roberti, who was spending a holiday in Venice with her step-father and mother Mr. and Mrs. Peter Thorneycroft, who also had their four-year-old daughter Victoria with them. Mr. Thorneycroft, President of the Board of Trade, was unfortunately laid up at the time, with, I was told, a touch of bronchitis.

Robert Morley, his wife and their three

children were all staying on the Lido and bathing each day in the Adriatic. This great actor gave a wonderful performance of "The Hippo Bathing," when his own young family and friends tried to duck him one day.

The youngest son Wilton, a great little character, celebrated his fourth birthday before he left and told me, with pride, that he had had a lot of presents.

THE Hon. George Ward and his young daughter Georgina were here for a short stay, and the Duchess of Argyll with her son and daughter Bryan and Frances Sweeny spent a few days on the Lido before they went on to Greece, as did Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Miller. An amusing and attractive young Italian girl enjoying the many parties with her friends here was sixteen-year-old Princess Ira Furstenburg, who last winter spent several months studying at Cygnets House in London. She was busy preparing for her marriage to Prince Alphonse Hohenlohe which is planned to take place on September 21 in Venice. The Prince and Princess of Torlonia were also staying there with their very good-looking young family, who always appeared to be thoroughly enjoying life.

COMING out of the Excelsior Hotel on the Lido one day I met Sir Napoleon and Lady Brinckman, who had their twelve-year-old daughter Theodora with them, also Brig. and Mrs. Ronnie Johnston who had been bathing on the Lido and were going to motor on to Monte Carlo a few days later. Mr. Henry Luce, over from America, was spending a short holiday here with his wife who is the U.S. Ambassador in Rome. Mrs. Clare Luce, who is always chic and impeccably turned out, usually carried a parasol on the beach. This was invaluable, not only to protect her from the sun's rays, but also to turn cleverly and quietly into a strategic position when photographers appeared. A great diplomat!

Mrs. Randolph Hearst, Sen., and Miss Margaret Truman, daughter of the former President of the U.S., were others among the many American visitors this summer. Mme. Pierre Michelin, always so beautifully turned out, was looking lovely in a pink dress and white dust coat when she took the private motor boat from the Danieli to the Lido on her first morning. She was accompanied by her charming young daughter Anita who was enjoying her first visit to Venice. Mr. and Mrs.



Miss Susan Thoyts, of the Ball Committee, sitting out in the garden with Mr. Ian Nicolson, from the Isle of Skye

Francis Fisher (she is Violet Cressy Marks the explorer) were also staying at the Danieli and spending their days at the Lido.

ALTHOUGH Venice was packed with visitors, quite a few families had chosen to stay some way out and enjoy their summer in the beautiful Italian countryside. The Earl and Countess of Iveagh were at their villa, which formerly belonged to Eleonora Duse, at Asola, about forty miles out of Venice. The Earl of Iveagh, it will be remembered, was created a Knight of the Garter by the Queen this summer, an honour which everyone was delighted to learn about. He has quietly done much for this country during his long life, activities of which little is generally known. Agriculture especially has benefited by his continued interest, and owes a great deal to his support.

The Iveaghs had their eldest daughter, Lady Honor Svejdar, staying with them, also Lady Iveagh's sister the Countess of Halifax. Viscount and Viscountess Esher were at the villa of authoress Freya Stark, and Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Archie Scott had also taken a villa in Asola for the second year running. Here they had their charming young family of four sons and a daughter with them enjoying a wonderful holiday. The Earl and Countess of Portsmouth were also at their villa at Asola with their young family.

THE highlight of my visit was when Don Carlos de Beistigui very kindly invited me to come and see his Palazzo Labia one evening, when he had asked a few friends in; for I had heard so much about this wonderful Palazzo and had always longed to see it.

It is superb. As you arrive by water you find this truly beautiful building lit by torches. Inside is a vast marble entrance hall, which immediately conveys an impression of quiet luxury belonging to another world. The footmen—and there were many on duty even for this small party—are in smart livery with knee breeches. At the top of the wide staircase the high-ceilinged, well-proportioned rooms, built round a courtyard which was candlelit, are all filled with priceless gems. Some of these Don Carlos told me were in the Palazzo when he bought it, but a great number of the treasures he has gradually collected himself. He has arranged them with great taste and wisdom, and everything gives you the impression it has found its true home.

[Continued on page 472]



Capt. I. H. Baker, R.T.R., Miss Sally Lock, Miss Janet Buckley and Lt. Michael O'Kelly, R.N., stood on a rustic bridge in the grounds admiring the floodlighting

A SUMMER BALL IN DORSETSHIRE

ONE of the most entertaining dates in the social calendar of Dorset was the Summer Ball given at Wrackleford House, near Dorchester, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Pope. It was in aid of the Building Fund of the St. John Ambulance Brigade, Dorset Division, and 400 guests were there

Dorothy Lady Ellenborough presents the raffle first prize to Mr. G. D. Trist

Lord and Lady Ellenborough had come over from their home at neighbouring Warmwell



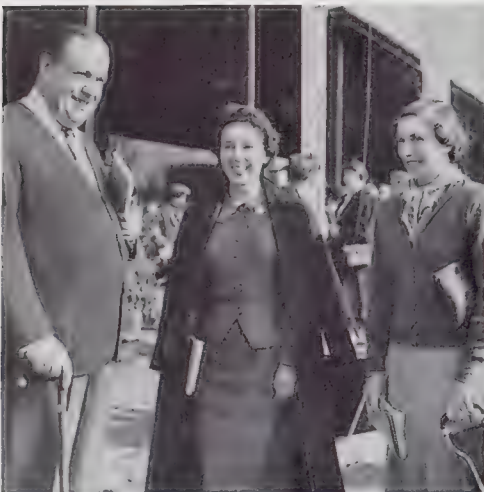
Miss Ann Bendle dancing with Col. K. Greville-Williams during the evening



Mrs. W. K. Holt, Mrs. Downe and Mr. J. H. F. Downe, Hon. Treas. of the Division



AT DONCASTER SALES. The Earl of Carnarvon, Mr. Clayton, the Duke of Portland and Mr. Jeremy Tree discuss the yearlings



SIR ERIC OHLSON, Bt., Miss M. J. Gallaher from Lexington, U.S.A., and Lady Ohlson



LORD IRWIN and the Earl of Dunraven were with the Duchess of Norfolk

Continuing The Social Journal

The Round Table of Don Carlos

It is impossible to express in a short description the beauty of this wonderful home—the finest, I was told, in Venice today. But what will always remain in my memory were the candlelit rooms, the wonderful painted ceilings, each more beautiful than the last, the fresco paintings by Tiepolo and the exquisite Venetian glass chandeliers throughout the Palazzo. Also the tapestries, including some priceless Gobelins, the Canalettos, Reynolds and other fine pictures, the lovely furniture, including Byron's desk which he was often pictured sitting at—this is a little gem—and the magnificent carpets and rugs, which it seemed a sacrilege at times to walk on.

In the dining-room there was a big round table to seat over twenty, in whose centre were priceless white china ornaments, while at each seat around it was placed a single candle in a golden candlestick.

AMONG Don Carlos de Beistigui's guests that evening were Prince Alexander of Yugoslavia and his lovely wife, who was Princess Maria-Pia of Italy. They had come ashore with Mr. Stavros Niarchos and his very pretty wife from his fine three-masted schooner the Creole, which was anchored just in front of S. Marco. The Italian people were delighted at the visit of this lovely and rather shy young Princess to Venice and gave her a royal and warm welcome wherever she went. Two young English guests of Mr. Niarchos on board the Creole, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Hopwood, also came with them and were, like everyone else, full of admiration and appreciation of Don Carlos de Beistigui's wonderful home. Prince Alexander told me that when they left this very enjoyable little party they were all sailing straight away in the Creole for Greece.

LEAVING next afternoon for the station to return home, again in a gondola, we saw anchored in the Laguna in front of the hotel H.M.S. Surprise and four other ships of the Royal Navy which had arrived overnight. I flew home from Milan in another of Italia Airways Convaire, a flight of just over three hours.

My companion on the journey from Venice to London was Miss Shirley Alexander, a charming American girl on her way home to Chicago after a few days in London, when she was staying at Claridge's. This was the end of her first visit to Europe which she said she had enjoyed immensely. She had been accompanied until the end of her stay in Venice by an older woman friend and I was interested to hear that all their plans and reservations, made in the U.S., had worked out splendidly with the exception of one. This was when they arrived at the Formentor Hotel in Majorca and to their dismay were told there were no rooms reserved for them. So they had to return in the taxi to Palma and fly to Barcelona, as there were of course no rooms available at a moment's notice in any of the other hotels around Palma.

★ ★ ★

THE first day of the Doncaster September Meeting was a really hot summer's day. Many people foregathered in the morning for the Yearling Sales, which are annually held during this week in the Glasgow Paddocks. These opened with four lots sent up by the Greenmount Stud, the first of which, a chesnut colt by the successful sire Palestine out of Clockwise being sold to Mr. Peter Wragg for 3,000 guineas.

I arrived up from London that morning in time to see the yearlings from the Limestone

Stud sold. The top price amongst these was Fair Chance, a chesnut colt by Fair Trail out of the Umidwar mare Half a Chance. Later I watched the yearlings from the Tallyho Stud. These included two exceptionally nice fillies; Lord Hothfield opened the bidding at 3,000 guineas for the first one, a brown filly by Big Game out of Manetta, who was eventually bought by Mr. Baerlein for 5,000 guineas. Then came a really lovely chesnut filly by Court Martial out of Excelsa for which Mr. R. J. Colling paid 7,200 guineas, acting on behalf of Lord Astor and his brother, the Hon. "Jakey" Astor.

AROUND the sale ring and the collecting ring were many personalities of the racing world. These included the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk—the latter bought a useful looking bay colt by Fair Copy from the Hon. Mrs. George Lambton's stud during the evening session—also the Earl of Carnarvon and his son Lord Porchester talking to Sir Humphrey de Trafford and Mr. and Mrs. Jack Thursby. The Duke of Devonshire nearby was chatting to the Hon. Ronald Strutt, and the Hon. "Jakey" Astor and Lord Stavordale were discussing the catalogue together.

The Earl and Countess of Harrington were looking at yearlings with his aunt, Mrs. Geoffrey Brooke, whose husband has trained so many winners this season. Lord and Lady Irwin were discussing the merits of other yearlings with Mr. George Colling, and I met Mr. and Mrs. David Wills off to look at some of the young stock in the collecting ring. Enid Countess of Chesterfield was sitting in the stand watching the bidding, also Mrs. Duncan Mackinnon who had three yearlings going up on the third day.

The Earl of Dunraven was there, also Cdr. and Mrs. Peter Fitzgerald, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Hastings Bass, Mr. and Mrs. George Gibson, Sir Richard Sykes and Mr. Peter Burrell, National Stud Manager, from which yearlings had been sold before I arrived. Sir Eric and Lady Ohlson were at the sales, also Mr. Jeremy Tree, Mr. Bernard and Lady van Cutsem, Col. Giles Loder, Col. and Mrs. Tony Cooke and Major Dermot McCalmont, talking to trainer Mr. Rupert Beasley.

IN the afternoon there were a great number of people racing on the Town Moor. The big event was the St. Leger to be run the next day, though many horses dropped out during the past forty-eight hours, owing to the great coughing epidemic, which had swept through racing stables. Alice Countess of Derby's Acropolis had been scratched overnight owing to a cough, and it was hoped that Lady Zia Wernher's grand filly Meld would not suffer the same fate before the big race. Happily all was well, and she won the race in the presence of the Queen, of which I shall be writing next week.

The programme on the first day cut up badly. There were only three runners in the Champagne Stakes which was won by Rustam trained by G. Brook, and there was a walk-over in the last race, The Clumber Maiden Stakes, valued at over £600, for which there were twenty-three entries.

RACING on the first afternoon were the Earl of Rosebery, whom I saw in the paddock with his trainer, Sir Jack Jarvis, watching his horse Minstrel who later came second in the Doncaster High-Weight Handicap, Lord Antrim whose Gay Bird started favourite for the first race, the Earl and Countess of Derby, Major Edward and the Hon. Mrs. Brooke, Sir Eric Miéville, looking wonderfully fit after his trip to Montecatini and Monte Carlo, Earl Fitzwilliam and Lord Willoughby de Broke, who saw his Anglo-Iranian come second in the Great Yorkshire Handicap.



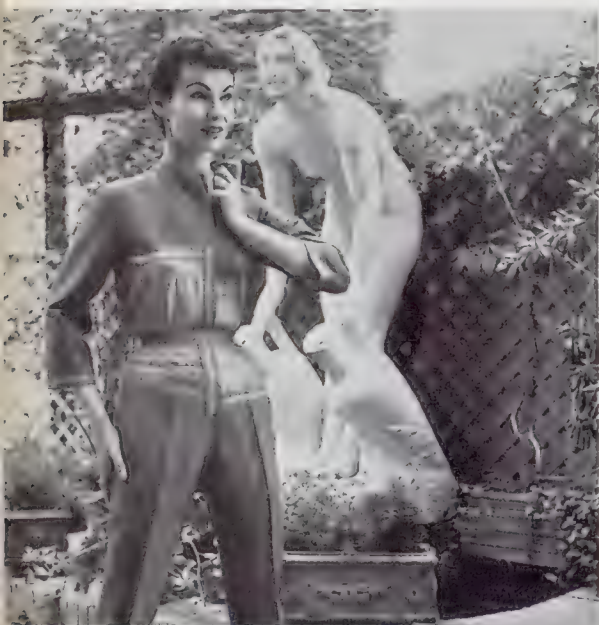
Eric Coop

A former Lord Mayor's grandson with his mother

EIGHT-MONTH-OLD James Samuel Joseph, grandson of the late Sir Samuel Joseph, Bt., Lord Mayor of London in 1943, is here with his mother, Lady Joseph, formerly Miss Hellen Guggenheimer of New York, who is a university graduate and a clever sculptor. His father, Sir Keith Joseph, Bt., director of an engineering company, is a Fellow of All Souls, Oxford, and a former City Alderman



H.R.H. Princess Margaret attended a Norman Hartnell fashion show at Hopetoun House, W. Lothian, home of the Marquess and Marchioness of Linlithgow, in aid of the Scottish Association of Girls' Clubs. The Princess was with her aunt, Lady Elphinstone, and (right) the Dowager Marchioness of Linlithgow



Above: Overseas buyers visiting Florence applauded and bought this peacock-green wool ensemble by Tessitrice dell' Isola. Below: A reproduction of a Fath model which has met with great popularity in England this summer



FASHION'S PYRAMID

LADY ASHTON, writer of this article, is better known in the fashion world as Mrs. Madge Garland. She is the distinguished Professor of Fashion Design at the Royal College of Art—the only college yet to accord professorial status to the study of fashion design in relation to industry

THE London fashion market presents a totally different picture to that of Paris, Rome or New York, and it is well to remember this when trying to assess its importance in the fashion picture.

In Paris several dozen couture houses, each of which is considerably larger than any London house, are overshadowed by three or four giants, Dior, Balenciaga and one or two runners-up, who set the pace and the style. Every afternoon at three o'clock, hundreds of women—and men, too—arrive to see the collections, each of at least two hundred models, and no woman worth her salt (or her husband's cheque book) would order her clothes before seeing a representative number of models and discussing their respective merits with all her women and men friends, including her husband.

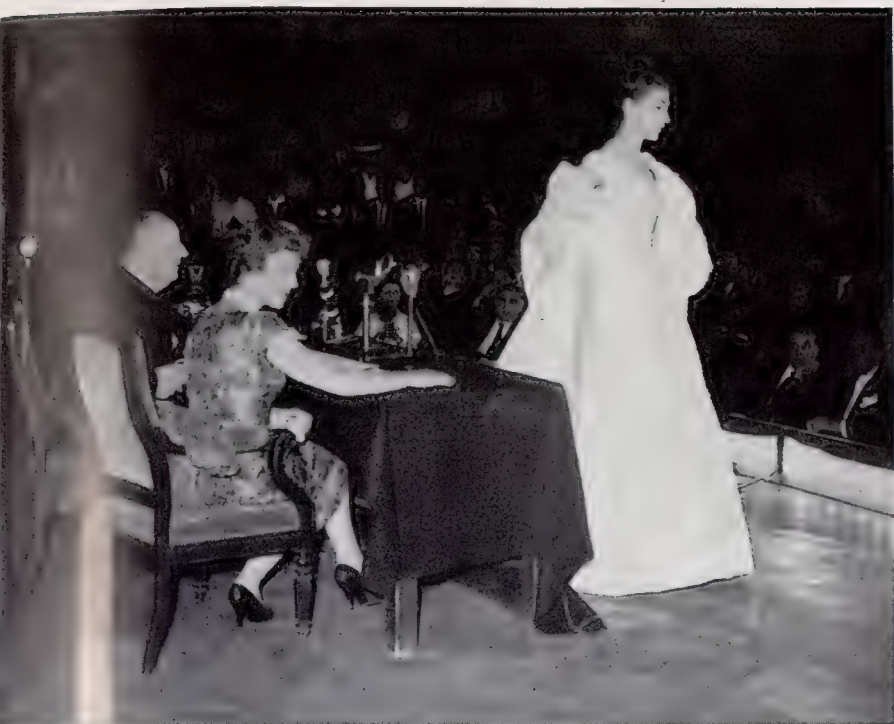
BUT far more important than the private client, both from the point of view of purchasing power and prestige, are the store buyers and manufacturers from all over the world, who come at least twice a year to the greatest fashion mart in existence in search of new ideas. These ideas are the starting point in the race for publicity and mass-selling, and he who buys the right model not only makes money but a reputation, which in turn will make him more money. Here the business buyer, as distinct from the private customer, is the person who counts and what he says and buys forms the corner-stone of the couturier's success.

In Italy the clothes are delightfully designed to be worn today rather than to form the basis of a style for tomorrow, and the over-

seas buyers flock to this market not only for ideas, with which it overflows, but also for re-sales. Gay, colourful; casual in style but exquisitely hand-finished, these easy clothes correspond with easy prices. It is easy to see why the Italian designers have scored a great success in the field of sportswear.

In America the ideas of talented designers from every country are adapted to the needs of the ruling caste, i.e. the women, at prices and sizes to suit every purse and figure. But their ceaseless search for novelty in all foreign markets does not prevent them from developing their own designers, and their taste and requirements play a large part in the international market: the so-called casual type of dressing is predominantly due to American influence.

LONDON's shop window consists of less than a dozen designers who make the inconspicuous clothes in good taste which the Englishman likes to see his women wear. There is little for the publicity-anxious journalist or the manufacturer looking for ideas. Instead, there are well-constructed, impeccably tailored, slightly mannish clothes which give way suddenly to elaborate evening gowns. Each collection is small, about a fifth of that of a French house, and a new one is presented only twice a year, in itself a disclaimer of any pretensions to lead in style—the Paris houses all show four collections a year. London clothes are designed with the private customer, not the international buyers, in mind, though a few sophisticated American and Canadian stores buy some of these models because they have a clientèle which appreciates and can pay for good imported clothes, chiefly suits. But the sum involved is relatively small.



Christian Dior, with Mme. de Menou of the University of the Sorbonne as commentator, gave a lecture in the amphitheatre of the University. The large audience also watched a "cover girls" parade



The Comtesse de Paris and Mme. Jacques Fath admired a white organdie dress trimmed with black velvet at a show of summer dresses presented by the late Jacques Fath, seen kneeling

The closed-shop of these original designers is purely masculine and one reason why the fashions remain so static and immobile is that unlike his Parisian prototype, also in nine cases out of ten a male, he has no woman beside him in a position of sufficient authority to influence his taste. The *femme du monde* who works close beside the Parisian designer, who attends every soirée, ball, first night, gala and race meeting, and brings back the chit-chat as only a woman can, is almost totally lacking in this country. Nor do the English designers circulate freely in the fashion world in this or other countries. It is rare indeed for an English designer to visit another couturier at home or abroad, so afraid are they of being considered copyists. At home, they remain elegantly aloof and play little part in the social life of the capital.

COMING down the financial scale to the expensive ready-to-wear dress, approximately half the price of the made-to-measure variant, we find an absolutely different climate. This market instead of being served by a dozen small sources of creative design is fed by the combined talent of the world. Here the designer-adaptor goes to the Paris collection as a matter of course, and visits from time to time the Italian, Spanish, American, Irish, and any other market. He goes everywhere that fashion is to be found, and buys new ideas, new lines, new colours and adapts them for the English market, in much the same way as do the Americans, and then shows four collections a year.

These clothes, made to standard sizes, are sold through the good-class stores and "madam" shops throughout the country and bring with them the direct and authentic taste of an international world where fashion plays an important part. London approximates year by year more closely New York, where foreign models of the highest fashion are rapidly copied in a manner and at a price available to the average woman. Gone is the calm and dignified atmosphere of the couture classic, gone, too, the exquisite craftsmanship which still distinguishes our tailoring (though our medium-price workmanship is still far better than its foreign counterpart), but instead fresh ideas and colours flood in from every source, and there is no denying that the average Londoner

is better dressed than she has ever been before—and indeed far better than her sister across the Channel.

ALTHOUGH the inspiration of these London ready-made clothes is Paris, they, too, sell in small quantities abroad, partly because their more classic variants of the current mode are welcomed by a discriminating, conservative public, chiefly on grounds of price and finish.

The careful workmanship of English goods is not confined to expensive models and it is perhaps surprising to find that we export to the States large quantities of that typically American garment, the cotton T shirt, an export larger in terms of dollars than that of any

Vivien Leigh, visiting Balmain, the Paris couturier, sees a brown, low-waistline dress trimmed with black Persian lamb



high fashion goods. The designs are influenced, if not dictated by, the market in the States, and it is the price in relation to the finish that makes the garments desirable, not the style.

THE cheaper end of the medium-price market shows a signal falling off, both in style and finish. Careless copying and a disdain of the real work entailed in observing and analysing the current trend, which lies behind any apparently simple garment, conspire to produce shoddy clothes of no style value. But the lowest price scale presents an even more contrary picture to that shown by the *haute couture*. At mass production level we find a world coverage of fashion which is so thorough and well planned that every market is systematically combed by a panel of experts who observe and adapt new ideas.

The outlet at such a price level is so enormous that the sum expended in buying original models, although far beyond the resources of any one high-class firm, is negligible in comparison, and so we have the curious position of fashion remaining comparatively stagnant on a high fashion level, becoming progressively noticeable in the medium price range, and being put over and immediately accepted at the lowest price range.

BEFORE the war it was common fashion parlance to say it took two years for a new style to cross the Channel. But now it even seems possible that if this tendency grows, certain fashions may bypass the middle price ranges and go straight from designer to mass consumer. The vast influence which can be and is wielded by a firm who can sell as many as 3½ thousand dozen (42,000) dresses of one style per annum, and as many as 20,000 dozen blouses of one style, through branches all over the country, is not lightly to be discounted, particularly when the style in question is not floral nondescript, but an excellent adaptation of a good foreign model.

The process known as "getting one's eye in" is going to be further speeded up when commercial television becomes part of our daily life. That a great change is about to take place I have no doubt. Ivory tower inhabitants would do well to find a place where their feet could touch the ground.

THE WORLD OF CHARLES ADDAMS

FOR his material Charles Addams, the famous American cartoonist, takes a dragnet through morbid psychology, the bizarre, the primitive and the occult. From this unpromising haul he distills some of the funniest—and indeed thought-provoking—drawings of our age. He is now producing a series exclusively for The TATLER, of which this little transport episode is the first



Roundabout

Paul Holt

THE Great St. Leger Stakes, which has been run at Doncaster since 1776 and is therefore almost as old an annual contest as the Doncaster Cup, may have proved a disappointment this year to those who care for a wager as much as for form, but now that it is all over and the famous Yorkshire Roar has died away across the Riding's wide and woolly acres, comes the time to wonder:

Who, this year, was the most spectacular visitor to this great Northern festival?

There have been some notable examples of English eccentricity in the past. I think my favourite visitor to the Town Moor was Jimmy Hirst, a Yorkshire farmer who combined in his nature a magnificent, larger-than-life marriage of madness and good wit.

He trained a bull calf he named Jupiter to jump, and rode the animal to hounds, and when he went shooting he was attended by a highly trained pig. He invented a flying machine in which he tried to

launch himself from the mast of a vessel across the Humber; he fell in the water, which roused the crowds on both banks to great enthusiasm.

WHEN Jimmy Hirst went to Doncaster races he rode in a carriage, made by himself, of wickerwork in the shape of a palanquin, fitted inside with clocks to record times and distances and drawn by four Andalusian mules. A tame fox trotted behind in place of the Dalmatian.

Jimmy wore a lambskin hat, nine feet in circumference, an otter skin coat lined with red flannel, a waistcoat made of the skin of drakes' necks, red and white stockings and silver-buckled shoes. He distributed to the crowd banknotes worth five ha'pence, which he had printed himself in Hull.

George III heard so much about him that he persuaded Lord Beaumont to bring him to London. There he took the King's hand

with a hearty grip and exclaimed "Ee, I'm glad to see thee such a plain owd chap. If thou ever comes to Rawcliffe . . . I can give thee some rare good wine, or a sup of brandy and water, at any time."

The King, delighted by Jimmy's wickerwork carriage, observed that although all the clocks were going the wine receptacles were empty. They were refilled from the Royal cellars.

★ ★ ★

GEORGE IV went to Doncaster a lot, where he behaved in a very boyish manner, egged on by his brother Silly Billy. But it comes as a surprise to me to learn of the excellent racing instinct of Queen Victoria. When still a princess she was taken to Doncaster for the meeting by her horrid mamma, the Duchess of Kent, and there she stood in black dress and white poke bonnet, listening to addresses of welcome and making small speeches at

receptions; but none of this ceremony prevented her from hearing what was going on in the betting room and she had no difficulty in picking the winner, Queen of Trumps (13 to 8; time 3 minutes 20 secs.).

My favourite horse in this great race, which most good horsemen have considered to be a superior test to the Derby—for that long run-in will show you whether a horse has a heart or not—was Theodore, a bay colt belonging to the Hon. A. Petre. The animal came out for the parade so lame that the great jockey J. Jackson, told he had to ride him, burst into tears and one bet was laid of a thousand guineas to a walking stick against him.

Jackson pushed him along in front and he won at 1,000 to 5 against, slipping the field. I think it was that year the mayor had banned all drinking on the course, which was fortunate for all concerned.

★ ★ ★

My favourite visitor to the meeting, I am sure, is the Countess Sarvitzzi. She was a delicate, soft-spoken widow, modestly arrayed in black velvet crowned by a white satin hat, with plume, mourning a great Polish patriot, and the letter she sent to the mayor was waxed with the seal of the Duke of Norfolk. Not only did the local squires and dancers clamour for her company at the annual ball, but a special party was given in her honour.

A widow at fifteen, her husband had been greatly loved by the Russian emperor Nicholas. She spoke the prettiest broken English. But at her party a soldier came up to her and cried with pleasure "Why, Rose! What wind blows you here? Your old friends at Weedon Barracks have been quite *au désespoir* at your departure."

The pretender was a public character.

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THERE is a fuss about young National Service men being sent from camp by their officers on initiative tests. One had to sit for fifteen minutes in a lion's cage. Others had to find an eight-foot hollyhock, a woman physiotherapist's hat, a yacht's smallest anchor, a four leaf clover.

Is it a waste of time?

Good heavens, no. Better than square bashing and better, too, than sitting in class being bored by trigonometry, which few lads can understand.

The big issue here is not the waste of the boy's time, for he's wasting it anyway; but how much do these tests impose upon the civilian public?

However, that is no reason to be angry with the officers who give these boys their tasks. It is true that initiative is essential in war and that is the real object of the exercise.

But a secret motive lies here. To avoid boredom in peace.

Everybody talks about the rising cost of living and nobody talks about boredom, which is the real scourge of our current existence. Better to have a lad a nuisance than to have him bored.



NORMAN HARTNELL, M.V.O., dress designer and Royal dressmaker, is now in his late forties. He was born in London, and while an undergraduate at Cambridge became interested in décor and dress designing and did a good deal of work for the Cambridge University Dramatic Society. He started his own dressmaking establishment almost as soon as he came down, and became famous in the early thirties for his be-sequined evening gowns. In 1938 the all-white wardrobe he designed for Queen Elizabeth (now the Queen Mother) for Her Majesty's state visit to Paris won unstinted applause both here and in France, and he was decorated by the French Government. During the war he kept his business going as best he could, and dressed a set of figurines representing all the Latin American countries, which was shown widely and raised a large sum for S.S.A.F.A. His Royal wedding gown and Royal Coronation gown for the Queen won world-wide renown. Very shy and retiring by nature, he has a small house and farm in Windsor Forest where, in the oldest of old clothes, he relaxes in the rôle of the "John Bull" he resembles

HOLIDAYMAKERS AT BEMBRIDGE ACQUIRED MEDITERRANEAN TAN

BRILLIANT sunshine, golden sands and shimmering blue seas greeted late summer arrivals at Bembridge, Isle of Wight. With racing each day at the Sailing Club, swimming and the never-ending fascination of the beach for the junior set, many family parties again enjoyed this delightful spot



Lord Melchett sat in the dinghy with the Hons. Peter and Kerena Mond, while Lady Melchett was looking on



Edwina Sandys, Lady Rose Chetwynd-Talbot, Ann Walker, Deirdre Heber-Percy, Jane Gilroy, Celia Sandys and Caroline Shepley-Cuthbert



Left: Santa Raymond took the trolley up the slipway after launching the scow in which she was to sail



Above: Mr. and Mrs. Eskdaile Fishburne with their son Dudley waited on the jetty to greet friends



F. J. Goodman

A Lady of Kent

LADY BARBARA BOSSOM is the wife of Major Clive Bossom and sister of the 9th Earl of Guilford. Major Bossom is Conservative candidate for Faversham, and the eldest son of Sir Alfred Bossom, Bt., M.P. Lady Barbara has just been made Vice-President of Kent for the St. John Ambulance Brigade. The Bossoms have two small sons



Michael Dunne

The Hon. Virginia Harcourt

AMONG the gayest and most charming of this year's debutantes was the Hon. Virginia Harcourt, youngest daughter of the second Viscount Harcourt and stepdaughter of Viscountess Harcourt. She was among the earliest of the season's young hostesses, having had a dance at the Hyde Park Hotel in March. Next month she goes to America to visit her father, who is our Economic Minister in Washington



Priscilla of Paris

THE CURTAIN QUIVERS

ALREADY news of the autumn theatre season in Paris is arousing interest. As usual a great deal of the gossip is due to wishful or, shall we say, hopeful thinking. We shall not see, as was announced, Princess Gyslaine of Monaco at the Théâtre de Paris in an historical play by Marcelle Maurette. At that theatre Mme. Elvire Popesco is producing Marcel Pagnol's *Judas* which, though undoubtedly historical, is *autre* shows.

What we are really looking forward to is the revival of Armand Salacrou's *Histoire de Rive*, with Danièle Delorme, the finest of France's younger actresses, in the leading role, at the Théâtre St. Georges.

MEANWHILE, some of us are slipping over to London to see Edwige Feuillère in *La Dame aux Camélias*, in which she is so splendid. I use the word advisedly. Mme. Feuillère has a strange, inward splendour that has brought her to the place she now occupies as the *grande dame* of the French stage. And yet it seems such a little while ago that while she was studying at the Paris Conservatoire she was also playing a small part in a musical play at the *Bouffes Parisiens*. Her stage name was Cora Lynn, and she had an engaging but, for serious roles, a rather disastrous lisp!

A FEW seasons later the lisp had vanished, she had taken a first prize at the Conservatoire and made her début at the Comédie Française. Mme. Edwige Feuillère was a distinguished member of the *Maison de Molière*; her successful career had started. There had been a boy-and-girl marriage with a fellow-student of the Conservatoire. Pierre Feuillère was a charming but not a great actor. In one of Colette's films, *l'Ingénue Libertine*, he played the small role of the lover who kills himself. Fate ordained that one day he was to repeat that gesture in earnest.

Sentimentalists like to think that the sadness in Mme. Feuillère's beautiful eyes was left there by the young actor who found himself unable to make the grade.

RECENTLY I went down to the Island. Just after I had got there it quaked to very rock-bottom and the resulting waves beat madly on the shores of Europe and America alike. Athos had bitten

Margot! Margot, the dog-lover that all children, dogs and grown-ups adore. Athos, the tawny-coated, black-masked Boxer, who had always been the gentlest of dogs until his owner decided to have him "trained."

The accident happened so quickly—as accidents usually do—that onlookers hardly realised it. The owner had his dog on the chain. "Come and say how-do to Athos," he called to Margot.

Sorry, as one always is, for chained dogs, Margot approached. The dog lunged and snapped disastrously.

IT seemed inexplicable, but I think I can explain it. Margot, too, has a dog. His name is Monsieur Dupont and he is a very large person. If, while on a visit, he crawls under a table for a quiet nap Margot, on leaving, calls to him very gently for if he is awakened abruptly, the table—like the howdah on an elephant's back—comes with him as he rises. Athos and M. Dupont have met; they have had words or, at least, throaty onomatopœia! Athos may have thought he was getting something back on M. Dupont by attacking Margot. The answer to this is that Margot should have M. Dupont trained also and then invite Athos's owner to come and pat him. The only trouble is that Margot is much too nice to retaliate and, I admit, the Boxer's owner is prostrate with grief. Anyway, we have decided not to tell M. Dupont.

Quite a few dogs of great personality are with us on the Island. Mimine Coutant's red setter goes off frog-hunting (of all things) in the marshes and comes home plastered with thick, black mud that smells unto Heaven. Mimine, who is working hard at

her modelling—those enchantingly realistic little groups she shows at the Indépendants—has to spend most of her time at the bath-tub with a scrubbing brush, which is upsetting for the dog, for her work, and for the community (the rainwater tanks are running dry and the wells are revealing a sandy bed).

Cambo, a newcomer this year, is a pointer with leanings towards a lap-dog career. Four months ago he was given, as a wedding present, to the twenty-year-old *baronne* Serot-Almeras who, with her husband, is staying here with her aunt, *comtesse* Hallez. Cambo is a most charming creature, but he is often a little hungry, as his young mistress does her best to conform with the dietary recommended by the vet.

CAMBO opines that One-Meal-a-Day may look fine in print, but a large dish of Parmentier pie looks finer still when it can be reached on the kitchen table, and feels finest of all as it goes down! There were wailings but no gnashings of teeth, for Gillian and Suzanne Tripier, *comtesse* Hallez' very attractive grand-daughters, concocted an impromptu dish of tomatoes, *aubergines*, hard-boiled eggs and fried bread subtly flavoured with strange but luscious herbs. During the winter Gillian and Suzanne live at Dakar. When we queried the source of their culinary inspiration they answered mysteriously: "It is a colonial recipe." Curnonsky will have to visit those parts.

Sans baccalauréat

● The confirmed bachelor was looking for the Perfect Woman. He found her, but she was looking for the Perfect Man!



MRS. CLAUDE GRAHAME-WHITE, wife of the pioneer aviator, on the balcony of their Riviera home, the Villa Quieta, in the mountains above Monaco. They divide the year between the Villa and their home at Sunningdale

Former Lady-in-Waiting At Her House in Sussex



Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Abel Smith with their son Christopher, who was a year old in June and is a godson of H.M. the Queen



Swaebe



Carolyn Abel Smith, daughter of the late Mrs. Abel Smith, prepares for an outing with her pony. She is at school at Heathfield



Houndsell Place, Mark Cross, Crowborough, was built early in this century. Recently a daughter was born to Mrs. Abel Smith and is to be named Juliet

Mrs. Alexander Abel Smith, Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen when Princess Elizabeth and now an extra Woman of the Bedchamber, with her husband and their children at their Sussex home. Mr. Abel Smith, who farms 180 acres and is a merchant banker, married in 1953 Lady (Henrietta) Palmer, widow of Sir Anthony Palmer, Bt.



Above: In the garden with their dogs are David Abel Smith, Antonia Palmer, Carolyn Abel Smith, Sir Mark Palmer, Bt., and Christopher Abel Smith



Right: The two elder boys, who are at school at Eton and Gordonstoun, with their ponies Robin and Snapshot, and Carolyn Abel Smith



At the Theatre

A PADDLE IN
THE RIVER

Youngman Carter *

Illustrations by Emmwood

IT seems probable that if Sir Alan Herbert had labelled his new entertainment, *The Water Gipsies*, "a musical comedy of 1912," and underlined this by using costumes of forty-odd years ago, adding a wisecrack or so about Bonar Law, the author might have been hailed as a successor to Sandy Wilson of *The Boy Friend*.

As things now stand at the Winter Garden, we have a collection of idyllic folk from the past, dressed in modern styles, but endowed with pre-Kaiser-war education and ideals. Even so, this scene is such an English pastoral that it is hard to believe an Englishman wrote it; the glossiness suggests the pink spectacles of a benevolently disposed foreigner.

It is the tale of Jane Bell, a blush-and-curtsy girl who lives on a barge at Hammersmith with her sister, a go-ahead young woman with ideas above her station. Both are, in the nicest possible way, members of the lower orders, but neither have been to the pictures since Mary Pickford, nor have they ever subscribed to any contemporary women's magazine.

JANE is in love with the handsome young squire who has been secretly, and atrociously, painting her in the altogether, but is being actively courted by the hero, a noble, illiterate young bargee, and by the villain, an ill-tempered bus conductor who is also a Communist. All these contenders sing up well, but the winner is clear from the start. Not the Left Winger (for this is a

story by Sir Alan Herbert), not the amateur painter (for he has a real, if snooty, lady in the offing), but the honest bargee (for he, in fact, has the best of the voices).

To this is added a collection of decorative Hammersmith peasants, who change as the occasion demands into decorative and tidy barge folks, and a comical subsidiary story of the love-affair between the proprietress of the Black Swan and the father of the heroine, the local comedian.

HERE are all the ingredients for an amiably dull evening, made passable by the tunes of Vivian Ellis, who is a little below his best form, and by the designs of Berkeley Sutcliffe, who has made the most charming and effective use of the traditional art of the bargees. Only two items disturb this tepid tranquillity, the first a trifle which could and should be cut forthwith.

Jane, our simple ingénue, is forced to do a strip-tease before retiring to her modest bunk. True, she goes to bed in her nylons and underwear to show that she's a good if extravagant girl really, but she is also forced to sing a little prayer. It is a great relief to us all when no angels appear to supply a fully choral response.

THE second disturbance is, however, a genuine miracle. It takes the form of Miss Dora Bryan, here playing the elder sister, Lily Bell. Like a kitten who has begun to relish the facts of life, she opens her half-innocent eyes, grabs the tinkling lyrics she is offered, and shakes us all into alertness and delight. Once she is on stage she commands the situation, and whatever tedium is afoot, we can watch the slow working of her dear, greedy little mind, always with relish and sometimes with ecstasy.

Until now we have seen Miss Bryan at her best in revue sketches; here she takes the whole weight of the show and tosses this ungainly caber around with an ease which



RICH MAN, POOR MAN: Jane Bell (Pamela Charles) has much difficulty in choosing Mr. Right

suggests that it was just some little trick she had thought up whilst ogling an eligible young man across a bar parlour.

Miss Bryan shares the evening's pleasures with a very old hand, Mr. Ernest Butcher, who plays the hero's father, Mr. Green, the grand old man of the canals. His one number, "Peace and Quiet," is the best lesson in singing, enunciation and charm now obtainable in this city.

MISS PAMELA CHARLES, our newest ingénue, is prettier and more gifted than most. Miss Georgina Cookson, as the squire's real girl-friend, seizes her single spot in "I Can't See What He Sees In Her" with commendable spleen, and makes us wish she was not asked to overplay at other moments.

Only the electricians seemed to be thinking of other matters, and perhaps they have digested the lighting plot by now.

But it is Miss Bryan's show. Her performance is one of those happy once-in-a-lifetime events—an English comedienne reaching a peak which can be measured against any imported mountain.

* In the absence on holiday of Anthony Cookman.



SINGING FOR THEIR SUPPER: Mr. Bryan (Peter Graves), an artist with leanings for Hammersmith and blondes, Lily Bell (Dora Bryan) as a good-time girl, Fred Green (Laurie Payne), a bargee in love, and Mr. Bell (Jerry Verno), a constant loser at the dog tracks



AN ENGLISH STAR
OF ITALIAN OPERA

KYRA VAYNE, pictured here on the ramparts of the Castel Sant' Angelo, in Rome, with the Tiber and its bridges in the background, is the only English singer with the company of sixty-five Italians who are due to open a season of Italian Opera at the Palace Theatre next Tuesday. She is singing Floria Tosca in *La Tosca*, a role in which she has appeared with great success in nearly every Continental capital. Miss Vayne, who went to Italy in 1953, earlier appeared on the London stage in musical pieces including *Gay Rosalinda* in which she took the lead

At the Pictures

A HIGHLAND BREEZE



"NOW, DON'T BE ALARMED": Jim Fletcher (Jack Hawkins) anticipates the objections of his wife (Margaret Johnston) as he explains his project for emigrating to Australia. A scene from Michael Balcon-Ealing Studios' newest film, *Touch and Go*

WITH a name such as mine, it's a scandal pure and simple that I have never visited the Trossachs. At least, it *was* a scandal pure and simple until I saw *Geordie*: it now becomes a matter of profound regret. Messrs. Sidney Gilliat and Frank Launder, to whom we owe this utterly delightful film, present the Highland scene with the perception of a pair of artists and the persuasive enthusiasm of a tourist bureau.

There it all is—the green glens, the endless moors, the bright streams and the dark lochs, the hills gown'd in heather drowsing under misty skies, the rain-washed woods, the wind-warped trees and the wild, high crags where the golden eagle builds its eyrie. It is almost incredibly beautiful. I must see it for myself one of these days. Meantime, you must see *Geordie*.

This is a most gentle, tender comedy, based on Mr. David Walker's novel about a wee lad who, apparently through taking Mr. Henry Samson's Correspondence Course in Physical Culture, developed into a gigantic young man and a champion hammer-thrower.

Master Paul Young is wonderfully appealing as the wee Geordie—made even wee-er than the ten-year-old actor, I suspect, by Mr. Launder's cunning use of the camera—but it is on Mr. Bill Travers's performance as Geordie grown-up that the film can safely rely for its success.

Now Mr. Travers is 6 ft. 4 ins. tall, but his Geordie seems, somehow, about 9 ft. high. One recognizes in this character the very soul of simplicity. His thought processes are slow and difficult—one can see them laboriously working away behind Mr. Travers's rumpled brow—and his movements clumsy, but there's such a good, honest heart in this great hulk of a man and such a childlike innocence about him, you simply cannot fail to love him.

With what tragic dignity he carries his dying father home from the moor through the streaming rain—with what endearing obstinacy he defies the officials at the Olympic Games in Australia (Mr. Launder allowing us a peep into the future) and, to their horror, insists on wearing his Black Watch kilt. Mr. Travers's performance nowhere misses perfection.

Miss Norah Gorsen is fresh and pretty as Geordie's scornful girl friend, Mr. Alastair Sim is nicely within the bounds of credibility as his employer, a slightly eccentric Laird; Mr. Francis de Wolff, as Mr. Samson, who spends most of his time off-screen while his strong North Country voice (wittily used) urges on his apt pupil, suddenly and magnificently materialises as a veritable man-mountain—and Miss Doris Goddard is vastly entertaining as a Danish lady champion shot putter. It really is a darling film.

Television

PANORAMA WIDENS OUT

TWO of the B.B.C.'s trump programmes will be played in the coming week: the brand-new "Is This Your Problem" and the so-called New Look "Panorama."

"Panorama" in its old guise, while zig-zagging erratically, had long been one of viewing's better risks, a blend of high-class variety with conscientious comment. And, of course, Malcolm Muggeridge to love or hate. The new "Panorama," from Monday, will last longer and show weekly. It promises a genuine attempt to combine what was good in the old "Panorama" with a wider field of vision and more complete topical coverage at home and abroad.

Later, use is to be made of the Outside Broadcast material. Another hope is to introduce frequent glimpses of Eurovision—an idea, incidentally, and a name which have made an emphatic appeal to the public, so emphatic that the imaginative name "Eurovision" has stuck, in spite of all official attempts to change it to something more cumbersome.

Max Robertson and Malcolm Muggeridge will still be there. But the linch-pin of the programme is to be Richard Dimbleby, not the

ceremonial Dimbleby so much as the professional, authoritative Dimbleby of the triumphant televising of election results, and before that of war correspondent.

Of the two new producers, Richard Cawston directed the masterly film of London, *We Live by the River*; while Michael Peacock is one of the bright young men recruited from a university by Grace Wyndham Goldie into her former "Current Affairs" unit, and one of her right-hand producers now that she is assistant Head of Talks. It was under Mrs. Goldie's ægis that the election results made such spectacular television. "Gay, lively, exciting" are three of the objectives she now sets "Panorama," as a weekly TV magazine covering everything from science to circuses.

WHAT promises to distinguish "Is This Your Problem?" from a routine sob-sister corner is the provocative combination of a glamorous actress, Edana Romney, the founder-chairman of "In the News," Edgar Lustgarten, and a changing panel of headmasters, doctors and clergy to conduct the enquiry into challengers' problems.

—Freda Bruce Lockhart





Bill Travers and Alastair Sim in *Geordie*

The fact that Mr. Walt Disney's latest full-length cartoon feature, *Lady and the Tramp*, is in CinemaScope as well as Technicolor, does not rock me. What does is that his human beings are still so appallingly ill-drawn and that his sentimentality still seems to derive from the five- and ten-cent store. Fortunately, you don't see many humans in this film, but I fear you may well suffer a slight nausea over the sickly sweetness with which the early part of the story is clotted.

Lady, the heroine, is a syrupy creation—a cocker spaniel whose nose is put sadly out of joint by the arrival of a baby in the household. No longer able to wind her master and mistress round her dew-claw, she sulks and refuses to be comforted by her good friends, a gentlemanly Aberdeen terrier and a droopy bloodhound, who assure her gravely that it's all part of a dog's life.

A LONG comes The Tramp, a gloriously raffish mongrel, to whirl her out of despondency, show her the town and inveigle her on a "memory-building" excursion which involves raiding a hen-house and lands Lady in the dog-pound. She is furious with The Tramp and hopes Boris the Borzoi is right when he predicts that "the Cosacks will pick him up, too, one of these days"—but an experienced lady Peke, who must surely have belonged to Miss Mae West, declares The Tramp's a great guy who'll never let Lady down. And, of course, in the end he doesn't.

The Tramp is a fine character—a sort of incanation (if I may coin a phrase) of Mr. Ernest Hemingway—and I don't wonder Lady found him irresistible. The creatures who delighted me most, though, are a couple of electrifying and positively devilish Siamese cats whose ice-blue eyes glitter with malice as they wave their long tails and chant, "We are Siamese, if you please—And we are Siamese if you *don't* please"—indicating, in the best cat manner, that they don't give a damn for anybody.

MR. RAY MILLAND directed and stars in *A Man Alone*—a rather woolly Western about a notorious gunman who, arriving in a small but hostile town, finds himself suspected of having held up the stage-coach and killed six people. This is one crime he did not commit, but, on payment-deferred lines, he is liable to be lynched for it, anyway. The intervention of the corrupt sheriff's pure young daughter, Miss Mary Murphy, saves him.

Mr. Milland, under his own direction, goes through the familiar motions of a gunman at bay quite satisfactorily, but it would probably take a more experienced director to extract a performance from Miss Murphy: her idea of acting is to look the camera straight in the eye and say her piece. A great deal of this film is silent, and you won't believe what a good thing that is—until you hear some of the dialogue.

—Elspeth Grant



JUNE THORBURN as she appears in the role of Peggy, screen daughter of stars Jack Hawkins and Margaret Johnston, in *Touch and Go*. The film, which is in Technicolor, has been directed by Michael Truman, with Seth Scott as associated producer

The Gramophone

RECORD FULL OF PROMISE



THOSE who have heard the highly-successful Long Play of *Salad Days* may well be interested to repeat the experience with the Long Play of *Twenty Minutes South*, a recording planned and scripted specially for this purpose.

There is no need nor point in comparing one with the other, because these two L.P.s are as different as chalk and cheese.

Salad Days, now running into its second year at the Vaudeville Theatre, is an established success. *Twenty Minutes South*, at the St. Martin's Theatre, has not to date had such a spectacular run.

Peter Greenwell, who devised and wrote the music for this latter musical, is a young man of ideas, both as a composer and planner. That this first full-length show of his may not hit the jackpot is not really at issue, because he will undoubtedly emerge with a big success on his hands before many years have passed, partly, if not entirely, because he knows what he wants to do. He has a clear sense of melody and his appreciation of the modern idiom is well established in the vocal and musical arrangements, in which he worked with Peter Knight.

His collaborator, Maurice Browning, has

written some good lyrics, even though the book is not up to their standard. The large company is headed by delightful Daphne Anderson, who cleverly makes what should be an unsympathetic character the reverse. To single out only Donald Scott and Louie Ramsay of the rest would be entirely right, but, at the same time, equally unfair, for Joan Bailey and Robin Hunter both give weight and point to their work on this recording.

A WORD, too, must go in praise of Brian Blades, Douglas Squires, Jack Manuel, Josephine Gordon, Valerie Swinnard and Mavis Traill, who, surpassing themselves visually, have the gift and the quality to put their talents into the grooves. The orchestral accompaniment throughout is directed by Robert Probst.

Here, then, on this record, which is in effect much neater than the actual show, may well be a number of new, worthwhile recording artists. I believe that, given a chance, all those I have mentioned by name have more than a little to offer. It will be interesting to see how their careers pan out, for they are all remarkably youthful and shrewdly talented. (Oriole M.G. 20007.)

—Robert Tredinnick



H.R.H. The Princess Royal, owner of Harewood House, an enthusiastic observer, was here with Lt.-Gen. Sir Geoffrey and Lady Evans and the Hon. Gerald and Mrs. Lascelles



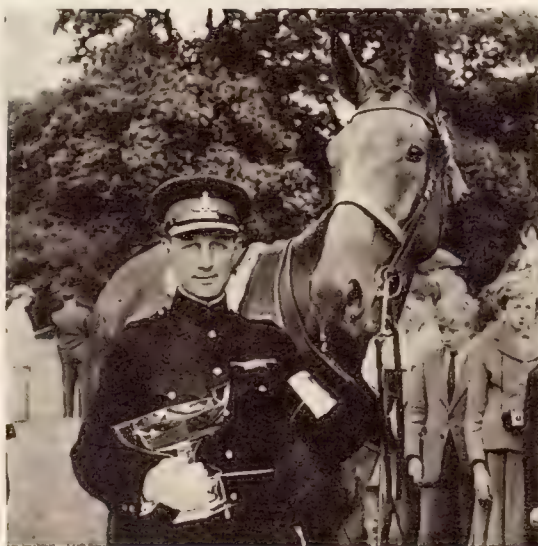
Mr. I. Hume Dudgeon, from Ireland, clearing cross-country course on the second day of the

HAREWOOD TRIALS AND

THE Three-Day Trials at Harewood House, Yorks, were watched by thousands of spectators and proved the most successful of the series yet held. The eventual winner was Lt.-Col. Frank Weldon,



The Duchess of Beaufort and Col. Sir Henry Abel Smith studying the cross-country programme



Lt.-Col. Frank Weldon, Trials winner, with Kilbarry. He is captain of the British Olympic team



Miss Sheila Willcox, a young rider who did very well in the Event, with her horse High and Mighty



Mrs. E. F. Beckett, Lt.-Col. R. B. Moseley, Mrs. Frank Weldon and Lt.-Col. R. H. L. Brackenbury, with Mr. Tony Leavey, M.P.



Lady Zinnia Denison dancing a quick-step with Mr. Nicholas Buckley at the Majestic Hotel



A Trials competitor, Miss A. Drummond-Hay, daughter of Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay, with Mr. M. Walker



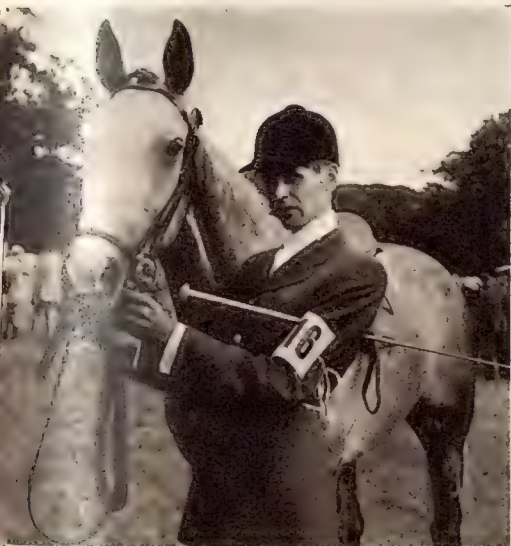
an obstacle on Charleville during the exacting Trials. In the distance is Harewood House

"GRADUATION BALL"

on Kilbarry, who set up a new points record for the course. On the second night a ball was given at Harrogate, which celebrated the full graduation of the Trials as a most important Olympic selection test



David Howie, Mrs. J. N. Howie, F. C. Lappage, kennel huntsman of the Zeland, Capt. C. Macandrew, M.F.H. of the Zeland, Major I. J. Steel and Mr. Jeromy Howie checking their programmes



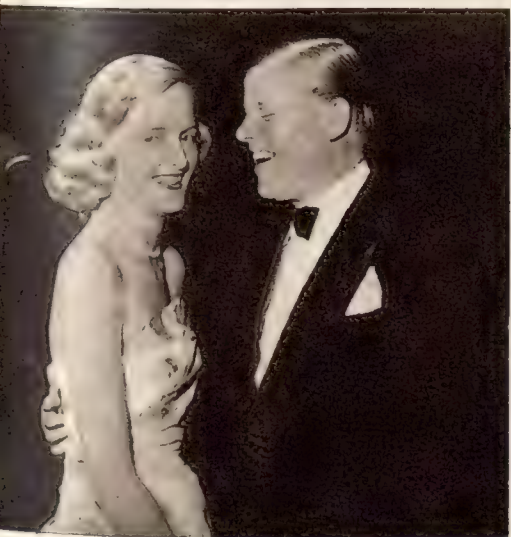
Capt. M. Naylor-Leyland, M.C., of Cirencester, with Bright Prospect, a new combination, were runners-up



Miss Anne Tilney, Mr. J. Lockwood and Col. A. Lockwood, of Kirkby Moorside, walking round the course



Miss Elizabeth Coultts-Trotter, from London, and Miss Bridget Caughey, of Boston Spa, were spectators



Miss Davinia Walford was partnered by her fiancé, Capt. P. Lambert, 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards



Mr. J. R. Hindley, M.H., Director of the Trials, dancing with Mrs. E. F. Beckett, one of the judges



Desmond O'Neill
Mrs. David Wood, Mr. L. E. Snowden, Secretary of the Trials, Mrs. A. Catton and Mr. David Wood, the Australian rider

Standing By . . .

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

MARS, b. Willow . . . O

INSTEAD of affirming, in reply to American criticisms, their dogged faith in the Hunter Fighter, the Air Ministry boys might have pointed out happily that we soon shan't need any fighter aircraft at all, the Russians having recently hit the Race for six by signifying their intention of going in for cricket (*vide* Press) in a big way.

You white men don't need to be reminded, we trust, of the cry of the celebrated West Country mayor during the Spanish Civil War—namely that if they'd all been taught the grand old game the Spaniards wouldn't be at each other's throats. We've since put this point to several Spaniards, ranging from the late Duke of Alba down to a Barcelona nightclub-waiter. With the same grave courtesy they agreed that his Worship rang the bell.

You ask, rather irritably, why nothing has been done. It's a matter, we gathered in Seville at Easter, 1953, from a member of the Confraternity of the Madrugada, of doubts on the ethical angle. He appreciated the fact that a batsman guilty of playing a crooked bat is as liable to be lynched by the mob as a matador guilty of the crooked sword-stroke called the *atrevesada*. What he couldn't comprehend was how such a situation could possibly arise on the pitch unless the batsman concerned was drunk or doped. We naturally didn't tell him they frequently are.

Anyway, the good seed is sown, and universal love, peace, and prosperity under the benignant ægis of King Willow may be on us, whites, at any moment. Three ch— (Choke).

Starry

A CITIZEN pondering the decline or disappearance of most of Fleet Street's once-mighty astrologers would discover, if he made inquiries, that the stars apparently forbore to tell their chosen buddies in their heyday not long ago that Saturn would soon be in trine and conjunct with Luna in the Sixth (or Dog) House, and that the fickle Press boys would be bored with them.

By not being able to foresee their own setbacks the boys are of course in good company, notably that of Rabelais' astrologer-friend Her Trippa, who foresaw everything on earth except the goings-on, right under his nose, of his lady wife, "passably fair, and a snug Hussie." In 1944 the stars also let down the great Nostradamus with a bang, despite his many lucky shots over the past 400 years. That was the year when France should have had a king again, so far as the cryptogram-experts read the riddle:

*The year that Saturn in water shall be conjunct
With Sol, the King strong and mighty
At Reims and Aix shall be received and anointed.*

However, since he covers the next 1,842 years Nostradamus may have a few disturbing surprises in the bag yet, and serve the dopes right for their obscene curiosity. Talk about gluttons for punishment. . . .

Chum

"I WOULD be pleased," wrote a citizen to a Sunday paper, explaining that he is writing a book on octopuses, "to hear from any readers who have personally been

in danger from their attacks." It is difficult to avoid a dark suspicion that the octopus is about to be proved the ideal domestic pet, docile, affectionate, and capable of being trained to play the bagpipes and run simple errands.

Victor Hugo didn't think so, for one, if you recall the terrific fight in *Toilers of the Sea* between a marine type and a giant octopus. Booksy boys being easily fooled by knowledgeable chaps, this octopus may merely have been wanting to play Up Jenkins with sailors, in which case Hugo undoubtedly got a lot of abusive letters from maiden ladies (mainly British) beginning "SIR—As one who has cherished the love of a dear pet octopus for thirty years. . . ." Hugo's publisher would be annoyed likewise. "*Publicité exécration!*" one can hear him snarling. To-day a brilliant idea would strike him very soon.

"Listen, Hugo, do you waltz?"

"Why?"

"I'm just thinking out loud. Say we fixed up a front-window show on the Boulevard. You and an octopus in a tank. When you've had a waltz or two you sign 500 copies. Boy, would that go big!"

In Hugo's time publishers were slower on the uptake, and he'd get off probably with being photographed at Marseilles, shaking hands with a squid ("*Squid pro quo*," his publisher would say half-laughingly.) What tactics! Faugh! So this is Literature!

Lines

CORDIALLY Inviting the Race to Ignore a Recent Suggestion by a Flighty Gossip-Girl that the Well-Dressed Englishman Looks at His Very Best in a Natty Bowler Hat.

*If you regard your smooth Imperial noggin
As one to be protected from the birds;
If you shun hats one wouldn't see a dog in,
Fit for Bohemians, Dagoes, Wops, or
Kurds;
If you adore the bland and bulbous Bowler,
And stick to it in sorrow and in joy—
Yours is the risk; no headgear could be droller;
And, what is more, you'll look an ape,
my boy.*



BRIGGS

by GRAHAM



Below : Mr. W. R. Temple, Mrs. M. Smart and Mr. D. Sleightholme were looking forward to ideal racing conditions



Miss Patsy Williams, Mrs. Gordon Palmer and Miss Julia Stevens were here waiting to go aboard their boats

THE SAILS FILLED AT BURNHAM

YACHTSMEN at Burnham-on-Crouch had an excellent Week, during which many of the South and East Coast classes raced. Left : Leading on the down-wind leg in the race for cruisers under 19 ft. was Mr. A. T. Ever's Coronet, her large spinnaker drawing well

Mr. R. F. Lang was giving Miss Sandra Lang (left) and Miss Margaret Danielsson his opinion of the day's racing prospects



Mr. and Mrs. Beecher Moore getting their boat Flying Cloud, of the speedy Hornet class, into trim for racing

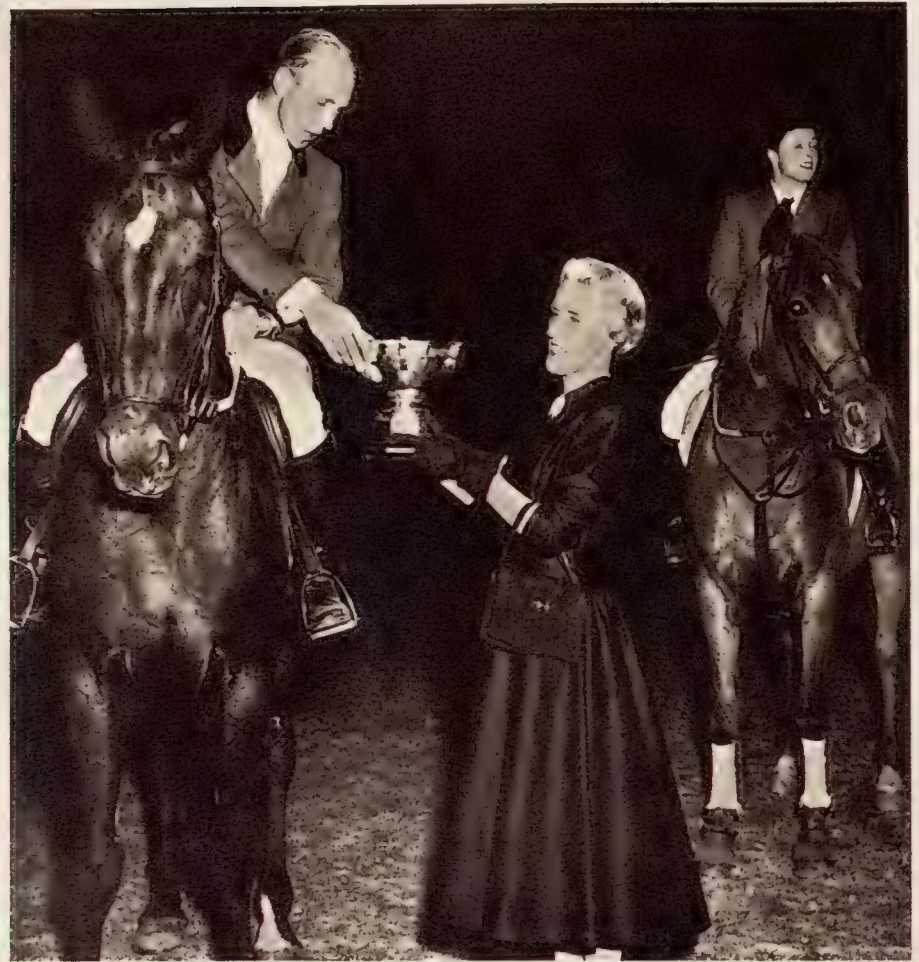
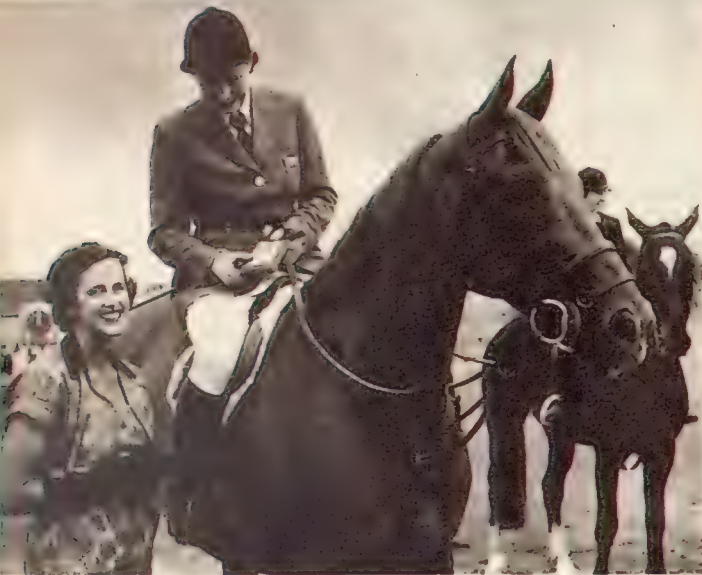


Mrs. Gordon Smith, Mr. Dick Pitcher and Mr. Clive Smith talking over the sailing programme before putting to sea



Lady Mary Manningham-Buller presented the Gordon Challenge Cup to Robert Wormall on Golden Era

Below: Miss Pat Smythe riding Prince Hal receives the winner's trophy from the Marchioness of Northampton



Eric Ager

At The Races

THE BACK END

THERE is always one constant feature of the back end of the racing season, namely, that all the form is fully known, and that winners, therefore, ought to be extremely easy to find! Yet, as we know only too well, they are not, and that thing called "The Autumn Double" is quite often as elusive as the spring one, the Lincoln and the Grand National. So far as the Lincoln is concerned, we have no public form nearer than the previous year's Cambridgeshire, and as for the National, nothing much better than that hope, which always springs eternal in the human breast, plus any promising performance in long-distance 'chases at such places as Cheltenham, and so forth.

The opening and closing doubles are, and usually have been, gambles pure and simple, if you feel like putting it that way! In the back end there are very few instances of horses being "readied" for the Cesarewitch!

OCCASIONALLY we hear of "rods in pickle," but they are rare, and with so many valuable prizes being offered during the season, owners have no inducement to reserve their horses with the idea of bringing off a coup. It is a case of getting home with all you can carry. The cards are all on the table, the form fully exposed, and yet, as has just been said, how difficult we find it to pick out the ones who are

"already past the post," "home and dry," and so forth! There are so many imponderables, quite apart from the horse itself; the draw; the kind of passage he may get; the bumping and jostling which go on in every race, and which is all part and parcel of the game, just as it is at football or any other game which may be your fancy; so that, while we may think that X (say Chatsworth for a taste) may look as good as coined gold, how can we ever be sure? Horses have their "days" just as you and I do, and these "days" do not always synchronize with the Great Occasion. Why should we expect them so to do.

HANDICAPPING has always seemed to have possessed an allure for some people which is almost, but not quite, as great as that other pastime, trying to defeat that lynx-eyed breed of men, the handicappers. Because of the danger attaching to this latter pursuit, it has always attracted a large clientèle amongst a certain class of "horse players." Here is a case, which happened at Ballysomewhereorther and which was fraught with results not contemplated by the "Schemer" who planned it.



The wretched jockey's orders were not to be in the first ten, because "it" was not "wanted" till next Tuesday week at Ballysomewhereelse. Unhappily the animal had what Major W. P. Drury's immortal character, Private Padgett, called "an 'ard sarcastic mouth." The poor jockey did his best, tucked it in behind a whole cohort of other unwanted animals. Then, less than half a furlong from home, this rampageous brute took charge and started to bolt.

"Moind yerselves, boys," yelled the jockey, "Oi can't hold 'um," and the next second it burst through and won running away.

The owner-trainer was simply furious, and after the thing had been lassoed, and brought back to be led in, he expressed himself so noisily and so abusively that the Stewards demanded an immediate *imparlance* and then put him in the corner for the rest of the season. Tough luck, for, after all, the horse *did* win, but they said they could not have the populace, particularly the ladies, shocked by such florid verbiage. So out he went!

ANOTHER amusing incident connected with handicapping concerned a man who was an ass, and did not know it. He had to deal with two horses, each doubly-engaged in two races over similar distances. One race, we will say, was an open race, and the other of the Farmers' Chase description. So what did this genius do? In one race he made X give Y 7 lbs., and in the other 2 lbs. When he was tackled about it he said, "But they are running in different class races," and he could not see that that made no difference, as they were the same two horses running over the same distance in two different races. Nothing would induce him to change his mind. Wasn't he an ape?

—SABRETACHE



TROPHIES WELL WON AT BATH'S SIXTIETH SHOW

WHEN the sixtieth Bath Show was held recently, a good entry competed for the fifteen trophies, Mr. B. A. Selby's His Grand Excellency taking the City Challenge Cup as Champion Hunter. Above: Miss Jenny Bullen takes an obstacle in the Open Children's Jumping



William Morris

The Earl of Westmorland, one of the judges, with his four-year-old son, Lord Burghersh



Miss Judith Hall and Miss Alwine Wood were going to watch the Children's Pony Class



Capt. and Mrs. Jack Applegate arrived in good time to see one of the nineteen classes



Mr. J. P. Middleton and Miss Rosemary Burges found an excellent vantage point.

THE INSIDE STORY of how a collector tracks down obscure but magnificent works of art and vertu is told in *Collector's Choice*, by Ethel Le Vane and J. Paul Getty (W. H. Allen; 18s.). The latter owns the Ranch Museum at Santa Monica, California, among whose treasures are (left) "A Lady Playing a Guitar," by Bartolomeo Veneto, and (right) "Portrait Of An Unknown Lady," by Pickenoy



Book Reviews

Elizabeth Bowen

THE GRAF SPEE'S JACKAL

THE NAVY'S HERE! (Gollancz; 16s.) is the Altmark story. Can one forget how this extraordinary affair impacted on the uncertain stillness of the first months of World War Two? How the prison ship, boarded at the mouth of a fjord, was forced to disgorge those 300 men? The rescue was the climax of a sinister voyage, and of a drama of which, till this book appeared, the whole was difficult to envisage. Here we have the whole. For the authors, Willi Frischauer and Robert Jackson, have adopted a method of their own—one might call it a bi-national one. Research into German records of the affair, and into individual German memories, has been no less thorough than the amassing of material from the British viewpoint. Result, we are given the story "in the round."

The Altmark, which had started life as a tanker, became upon the outbreak of war the secret supply ship of the Nazi raider, the pocket battleship Graf Spee. Orders were to contact the Graf Spee, be there when wanted, keep out of trouble and at any cost survive.

IN short, the Altmark was to be other than heroic: she carried little in the way of armaments. Her holds were crammed with the oil, food and ammunition necessary to the spectacular career of the Graf Spee—which, before the end came with the River Plate, accounted for nine British merchantmen.

The relationship between the two ships is pithily summarised by the authors (context, the Graf Spee's making ready to sink the Huntsman):—

For weeks the Altmark had basked in the reflected glory of the Spee, by proxy sharing the battleship's exploits with the frantic interest of a maiden-aunt living on the fringe of her family circle.

Now, as they rushed to the deck to watch the spectacle, cameras again at the ready, they were to be in at the death—their first opportunity to participate in a "triumph."

Captain Dau's character, it seems, was as peculiar as any other factor in the Altmark affair. Pigheaded, a show-off, a fanatical Nazi, he was as temperamental as a prima donna without being one. "Knitty Whiskers" his prisoners disrespectfully called him.

HE was to have much to complain of, and did complain. Not from the first did he hit it off with Captain Langsdorff of the Graf Spee—no two men, indeed, could have been more unlike: Langsdorff, a naval officer before all, was, for one thing, lukewarm in Nazi sympathies. *The Navy's Here!* holds no more revealing chapter than that in which these two types for the first time meet—little of the friction was missed by

eye-witnesses. The conversion of the Altmark into a prison-ship was, to give Dan his due, the last thing the captain wished. Worry nagged him, and he took it out on everyone.

Captain Langsdorff's original plan had been to capture the British ships and bring them back in triumph to Germany: this proving impracticable, he sank them. The Clement, first of his nine victims, met her fate within possible reach of shore: the crew were allowed to escape in their own boats. (Communications soon reached the Admiralty: from then on, our Navy's chase of the Graf Spee started.) After that, Captain Langsdorff's policy was different. The position of the eight other sinkings was such that, anyhow, no escaping boatloads could have hoped for survival. Crew by crew was, therefore, loaded on to the Altmark. The holds were, at the start, cramped accommodation: as the number of prisoners mounted, the overcrowding approached horror-point. It seems amazing that no man died.

FRICITION between the prisoners' guards, from the Graf Spee, and the already hard-trying crew of the Altmark worked out, sometimes, to the Britishers' advantage. At any rate, life in those holds, for months, was to be a triumph of good morale. (The collective picture, the characters and incidents which emerge, has been pieced together from letters, diaries and interviews with some of the ex-prisoners.) Meanwhile the Altmark, widowed of the Spee, with engine trouble, short of food and fuel, was zig-zagging painfully towards the home base—to be trapped at last, as we know, in Norwegian waters. She, now, was the quarry: the cry was raised and the hunt was up. The closing in upon her, the boarding by the Navy, brings us breathlessly to the epic moment—opening of the hatches.

"Any Englishmen down there?"

Out of the darkness, 300 voices answered.

"Come up, then. Come up... THE NAVY'S HERE!"



FLOWER-PIECE, by Van Huysum, another treasure of the Ranch Museum described in *Collector's Choice*, published next week



Clayton Evans

AUTHOR AND HIS DAUGHTER DISCUSS THEIR NEW BOOKS

COL. ROBERT HENRIQUES, novelist, broadcaster and farmer of 1,000 acres at Bibury, near Cirencester, Glos, sits in the garden of his home with his elder daughter Veronica. Winner of the All-Nations Novel Prize in 1939, Col. Henriques' latest novel, *Red Over Green*, will appear in the New Year, while his daughter follows in his footsteps with a story already published and another, *Home Is the Heart*, appearing next month



ANDREA, proprietor of the Maison Basque, came to England from Italy at the age of seven in 1919. He studied architecture and engineering, but decided to take up the family profession of catering, and after wide experience abroad and in London, took over the Maison Basque in 1954. He is an expert hand cabinet-maker and an enthusiastic sportsman

DINING OUT

"Oysters are i-cumen in"

THERE are various way of having a "day out." Sometimes, if you take pot-luck, it works out very well; sometimes, if everything is arranged to the minute, it can be a bore.

An outstanding example of an organised "day out," which proved a delight to all who participated, came my way when I was invited by Major Austin Gardner, managing director of Seasalter and Ham Oyster Fisheries, to go to Whitstable.

First of all we made our way to the Tudor House, Bearsted, where we were excellently primed with champagne and light eatables in one of the very fine rooms of this good English county hotel, loaned for the occasion by Lt.-Col. Dunnage, one of the directors.

There is a large and original garden bar in the middle of the hotel, in the centre of which a fountain plays, and the bar runs its full length, the whole cunningly contrived to keep you dry if it starts to rain.

They make a great feature of the quality of their food, which is very good and therefore fairly expensive.

On arrival at Whitstable we were greeted by Mr. Gerald Gardner, deputising for his father, then we went on board an oyster dredger and out to sea.

Several successful dredges were made and many of us had our first oysters of the season within a few seconds of their being hauled aboard, and they were indeed delicious.

RETURNING to the packing sheds we sat round a great room on barrels and consumed oysters according to our capacity. The gentleman sitting on my right must have been as near Paradise as he could reach, as he consumed eight dozen in almost as many minutes. These were followed by a cold game-and-steak pie and salad, and Cheshire cheese, the pie being carved by Etienne Ibrahim, who was one of the party, and who reigns supreme over the cuisine at the Royal Automobile Club, in whose kitchens the pie was made.

To drink with these delights we had champagne, Albert Guillet's "Ernest Irroy" 1945, Albert Guillet being one of the party, as was J. A. Santon, of Messrs. Grierson, Oldham and Co., who provided one of their 1949 Chablis.

Among other people present on this very festive occasion was Col. Russell Hay, who provided the Cheshire cheese; S. Chandler and M. Hampton, of Chandler and Co., who organised the feast; H. Whittle from the Waldorf, A. Mazullo from the Hungaria, L. R. Bentley from Great Fosters at Egham, H. Morris, director of the Colony Restaurant in Berkeley Square; and Sir William Steward, M.P., who one hears is putting the catering at the House of Commons on a successful financial basis, and many others.

—I. Bickerstaff

DINING IN

A new angle on the flan

FRUIT FLANS, in any number of different fruits and creams, make a steady parade to our tables, but savoury flans are not nearly so generally used.

The pastry to use is puff pastry, because you can roll it out almost as thin as *strudel* paste and it will add so little starch and fat to the diet as to be negligible. One can buy very good uncooked puff pastry.

A flan I made lately was an adaptation of a Lobster Flan. Instead of using this rather expensive shellfish, I used Pacific prawns, of which I wrote in recent weeks. These tails, at 6s. to 6s. 6d. a pound, are very reasonably priced and the very thin shells are the only waste. Half a pound or a very little more is quite enough for a good-sized flan.

ROLL out the pastry as thin as a wafer and fit it into a flan ring placed on a baking sheet. Let it rest for a few minutes, then roll off the surplus pastry. Prick the bottom of the flan. Fit greaseproof paper into it and fill closely with bread crusts (which can be rolled out afterwards and used for crumbling). Bake for 20 minutes in a fairly hot oven (425 deg. F. or gas mark 6 to 7). Remove the crusts and paper, brush the inside of the flan with egg white and finish off the baking, but do not have the pastry too brown.

From the pastry trimmings, cut thin little crescents with a round, fancy-edged pastry cutter and bake them, separately, at the same time.

For the filling: Peel the prawns. Place the shells in a small pan with a chopped shallot, a small carrot, a small sprig of thyme, a tiny piece of bayleaf, freshly milled pepper, a little salt and water to cover. Put on the lid and simmer for 15 minutes. If you can get some sole bones when you buy the prawns, add a backbone and the head to the stock in the first place.

MEANWHILE, cut the shelled prawns into less than ½-in. slices. Gently simmer them for about 5 minutes in up to 1½ ozs. butter. Remove the prawns. Sprinkle a good teaspoon of flour into the pan and cook it for a minute or two. Remove and add enough strained stock from the shells, etc., to make sufficient sauce. Add a tablespoon of sherry. Taste and add more salt, if necessary.

Return the pieces of prawns to the pan and heat through. Beat together 1 egg yolk and 3 to 4 tablespoons of cream and stir them into the prawns and sauce. Pour the mixture into the flan and slip under the grill to colour a little. Arrange the little pastry crescents around the inner margin of the flan and serve hot, for preference.

—Helen Burke



Ivon de Wynter

ALBERT, whose Beak Street restaurant has been known to gourmets since 1930, was born in London of Italian parents. He began at fourteen as a page-boy at the Carlton, and later worked at the Criterion under the famous Luigi, whom he followed to the Embassy Club. He lives in Hertfordshire, where his garden produces special vegetables for his restaurant

LABOURERS IN THE VINEYARD

THESE are largely young girls who seem to have a special ability to gather the grapes without damaging them. On the sun-drenched hills of the Douro they move gracefully among the densely growing vines filling the baskets which the men will presently carry, singing, to the lagars



Alec Murray

In the days of the vintage

THAT considerable authority the late Ian Campbell writing about port remarked: "If a tithe of the foolish and false rubbish that has been written in books about port were true, the wine would have disappeared from our tables as rapidly and completely as said books have."

He was referring to statements that have appeared from time to time in various publications written by people who possibly have never been to the Douro district of Portugal or to Oporto itself, suggesting that all sorts of astonishing ingredients are added to give port its own very particular characteristics.

The matter is quite simple. Port is a wine made from the grapes grown in the Douro, fortified at the time of the vintage by a small proportion of brandy, which is also made from grapes, so that it is the addition of one form of wine to another.

NOW the vintage is almost upon us; the grapes will be picked, carried in hand baskets to large wicker containers which will be strapped to the backs of strong men who will take them to the bullock carts waiting on the roadside.

They are then transported to the lagars, stone troughs two or three feet deep, where they are trodden into a mass of purple juice by relays of bare-legged men who link arms and do a sort of ritual dance, stamping, swaying and leaping about to music, and singing a chant to the God of Wine. A remarkable sight; a method of making wine as old as wine itself, and the best way.

But for those people who in this age of hurry and hygiene may regard this as too primitive and also I suppose in the name of progress, new methods and machines are on the way and doubtless the day will come when the grapes will be picked by machinery (as the hops are on many farms in England) and disappear through great chromium-plated

rolling mills; brandy will be shot in under pressure and having passed through twenty kinds of filter the wine will come out at the other end bottled, labelled and in packing cases or possibly pasteurized jerrycans. Not in my time, thank Heaven and a discerning uncle who left me enough 27's to avoid such horror for many a long day.

Incidentally the 1927 vintage was, I believe, the last to be sold in England on a really large scale.

SOME people get muddled as to exactly what is meant by a vintage port. It is the wine of one year only, unblended with the wines of any other year. When there is an abundant crop of grapes of outstanding quality the port shippers declare a vintage and set aside some of the best wines of that year only for early bottling—two or three years at the most—to be laid down and matured in the bottle.

Vintage port does not only owe its excellence to the fine quality of the grapes in any particular year but also (and I quote André Simon) "to the knowledge, love and patience of the vintner in England, who bottles, matures, and eventually delivers a type of wine which is unobtainable anywhere else in the world, not excepting Portugal where the wine originally came from."

Here is the great George Saintsbury on the subject of port: "It has not the almost feminine grace and charm of Claret; the transcendental qualities of Burgundy and Madeira; the immediate inspiration of Champagne; the rather unequal and sometimes palling attractions of Sauterne and Moselle and Hock. But it strengthens while it gladdens as no other wine can do; and there is something about it which must have been created in pre-established harmony with the best English character." And so, quoting Tennyson:

"O, plump head-waiter at the 'Cock'
to which I most resort!
How goes the time? 'Tis five o'clock.
Go fetch a pint of Port."

—James Hall



Peter Clark

GOOD TO LOOK AT

—and delightful to wear

is this tweed three-piece

WE have picked this businesslike three-piece as our choice this week for the woman who lives in the country, because we think she will find it extremely useful as well as exceptionally good to look at. The straight hanging top coat and the suit beneath are both made of a Donegal type tweed. The coat costs 30 guineas and the suit is the same price. They come from Wetheralls of Bond Street, who in addition supply all the accessories shown on these two pages

PERMUTATIONS ON A THEME: MATCHING ACCESSORIES

THE clothes on these two pages are good examples of Wetherall's policy of co-ordinated outfits. Matching colours and matching materials run right through their collections, so that if you want another dress, hat or blouse you can always choose something that exactly matches your existing wardrobe, or harmonizes with it perfectly



The suit without the coat. Notice its large patch pockets and the box pleats in the skirt which look smart and are eminently practical. The little hat is made of the same material as the blouse and is priced at 3 gns.



CHOICE FOR
THE WEEK
by
Mariel Deans

Alternative idea. This waistcoat to match the skirt costs 7½ gns. We show it here worn with a Tiesil blouse, yellow printed with white, which is priced at 3½ gns.



Sequins will gleam in the autumn dusk

THE Autumn Season promises to be particularly gay this year, with any amount of parties and evening dress occasions. These three ball gowns are good examples of the way designers everywhere are making use of bead and sequin embroidery to decorate the dresses we shall be wearing on so many evenings between now and Christmas

—MARIEL DEANS



"Mother of Pearl," Hardy Amies's magnificent coffee-coloured lace dress, is re-embroidered with iridescent sequins. The tucked tulle bodice has attached a long stole of tulle and lace which can be worn in a number of different ways



Above: This dress of creamy white duchesse satin comes from Marshall and Snelgrove. It has a becoming neckline and is embroidered with copper sequins and large topaz- and ruby-like jewels

Below: Very much of this season is a narrow white crêpe dress with strapless tunic embroidered with gilt sequins. The skirt has two floating panels at the back. It comes from Fenwicks of Bond Street



No trifling with these hats



HERE we show half a dozen of the new season's hats from London and Paris. We think that they are heavy and unbecoming but they are *news*. They make that pretty little trifle of satin bows that you thought of buying suddenly seem terribly dull. On the left is Legroux' hair-hiding turban hat of long-haired gun-metal grey mélu sine trimmed with ruby red velvet. R.M. hats are copying it for Harrods. Below, Christian Dior combines two completely different profiles. A swathing of white mélusine is topped by a big black velour beret. From Simone Mirman





Above : Balenciaga's black tulle afternoon hat is stabbed with a large diamanté insect. R.M. hats are copying this. You can buy it from Harrods

Below: Christian Dior's elaborately worked white mēlusine fur-fabric hat is worn straight on the head with little hair showing. From Simone Mirman



Alec Murray

Above: Hubert de Givenchy's strange looping brims and backward movement are typified by this model made of black satin and worn with a bright pink taffeta cocktail frock

Below: Roland Paterson's big felt tambourine "flying saucer" is trimmed with black South-West African Persian lamb and is worn, like all the new hats, very much forward on the forehead



Brien Kirley





THE little jersey dress. Where would we be without it? Warm, inexpensive and, above all, gloriously comfortable, it is for many women the most useful garment in the wardrobe. These photographs, taken in and around the Italian hill-town of Moglio, show some of London's newest models. Above, a rose-pink two piece with a sweater top and accordion-pleated skirt. The full-length sleeves are shown pulled up a little. Notice the low placed pockets and the neat turn-over collar. A Mascotte model from Selfridge

—MARIEL DEANS

THE DRESS FOR A VACATION IN ITALY



Above: This turquoise-blue dress by Jaeger has a panel of ribbed knitting from yoke to hips at the back and sides. The buttons are dyed to match the dress



Below: Horrockses' battle-blouse and pleated skirt of fine, royal blue jersey. Blouse has dolman sleeves and finishes in a buckled belt. Chanelle of Knightsbridge have it

Above: This thick beige jersey dress with a horizontal rib by Polly Peck, has a long bodice and an all-round pleated skirt. It comes from the Galeries Lafayette



Continued
on page 506

M. Molinare



Continuing—

*The dress for a
vacation in Italy*

A GREY jersey dress by Linzi with three-quarter length sleeves and a well cut shirt collar. Unbelted, this dress falls as straight as a nightgown. The shaped belt fits it to your own waist-line be that high or low. It comes from Bourne & Hollingsworth

*A shaped belt
makes it fit*



DESIGNED BY

Jean Dessès

AND MADE BY

Debenham & Freebody
WIGMORE STREET, W.1.

Langham 4444

Peter Clark

Bolero jacket of Great Lakes Ranch Mink



Continuing—

*The dress for a
vacation in Italy*

HERE, on the steps of the garden at the villa of the Madonna delle Grazie, the model wears a turquoise-blue and grey flecked jersey dress by Paul Jonas. It has three-quarter sleeves, a narrow skirt, and a long bodice line trimmed with gun-metal grey buttons. From Dickins & Jones

IN THE VILLA'S SUN-FLECKED GARDEN



Herald

An H-line suit to usher in autumn's new 'relaxed' look. A deep-cuffed, double-breasted jacket that can button high. A fan-fare of box pleats springing from a smooth hip yoke. In knopped tweeds, about 14 gns. Mid-grey flannel, about 12½ gns. Black worsted baratheia, about 19½ gns.

LOOK YOUR BEST IN

Windsmoor



Fayer

Miss Hilary M. Hunter, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alan Hunter, of Huntingtowerfield House, Almondbank, Perthshire, is engaged to the Hon. Hugh Lawson, younger son of Lord and Lady Burnham, of Hall Barn, Beaconsfield



Miss Kay Mary Stewart-Johnstone, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Stewart-Johnstone, of Twyford, Hampshire, has announced her engagement to Mr. Dudley Geoffrey Stewart-Smith, The Black Watch, son of Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Stewart-Smith, of Weybridge, Surrey



Fayer

Miss Linda Mary Horton, who is engaged to Mr. Ronald Oakes Crowther, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. S. Oakes Crowther, of George, Cape Province, South Africa, is the younger daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. G. T. S. Horton, of Admington Hall, Shipston-on-Stour, Warwickshire

THE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED

Miss Mary Honor Scott, who is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. Gillman Scott, of Alton, Kilbrittain, Co. Cork, has announced her engagement to the Rev. Brian Peter Harvey, the eldest son of the Bishop of Cashel, and Mrs. Harvey, of Bishopsgrove, Waterford, Ireland



vanuyk

Miss Wanda Paley Johnson, daughter of Major John Paley Johnson, Royal Artillery, and Mrs. P. S. Johnson, of Heath Lodge, Camberley, Surrey, is engaged to Mr. Paul Weychan, only son of Mrs. D. A. Hyne, of Smugglers Rest, Shoreham, Sussex, and the late Mr. T. E. S. Weychan



Bassano

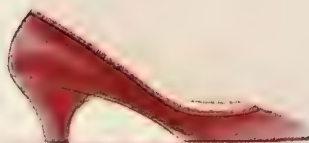


Bassano

Comtesse Marina de Borchgrave d'Altena, daughter of Comte d'Altena, of Brussels, and Audrey Comtesse d'Altena, of The Old House, Wing, Bucks, is to marry Mr. Charles Winton Browne Rankin, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Rankin, of Chelsea Embankment, S.W.3

One shoe—

4 heel heights



CONTOUR LOW



CONTOUR MID



CONTOUR TWEEN



CONTOUR HIGH

'Contour'—Skyline's new shell court—its curve-low lines smoothly adaptable to the pick-and-choose heels of Autumn.

CONTOUR LOW—the shapely little 'illusion' heel, no more than one-and-a-half inches. In cherry red or amberglow aniline-dyed character calfskin; also black suede.

CONTOUR MID—Two smooth-contoured inches of heel poise and polish. Avocado green aniline-dyed character calfskin; also hazel shimmer calf or black calf.

CONTOUR TWEEN—Two-and-a-half slim, balanced and beautiful inches. Blue or green shimmer calf; also amberglow aniline-dyed character calfskin or black matt calf.

CONTOUR HIGH—a full three-inch spire of elegance. Amberglow or chipmunk aniline-dyed character calfskin; also black matt calf or black suede.

IN 4-CHOICE WIDTHS AS WELL

Your length-size of Contour is made in several widths. Clarks Fashion Footgauge chooses your fit by measuring your foot for length, width and girth—that is FASHION FIT in Skyline by Clarks. 'Contour' is 69/6. Fittings include AA, A, B, C.

Skyline
by Clarks

the fashion shoes in the 4-choice widths

Nearest shop? write CLARKS, Dept. MI, Street, Somerset—and ask for a style leaflet

Social Celebrities . . .



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Praet d'Amerloo—Laing. The wedding took place at St. Mary's Cadogan Street, of Mr. Serge Henri van Praet d'Amerloo, younger son of Chevalier and Mme. Roger van Praet d'Amerloo, of Amerloo, Scoten, near Antwerp, and Miss Sylvia Harvey Laing, daughter of the late Capt. Desmond Laing and of Mrs. Laing, of Prince's Gate Mews, S.W.7



Findlay—Govett. The wedding took place at St. Cross, Winchester, Hampshire, between Mr. John Robert Findlay, who is the eldest son of Cdr. and Mrs. J. B. Findlay, of Carnell, Hurlford, Ayrshire, and Miss Eira Govett, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Govett, of Newton Stacey, near Stockbridge, Hampshire

Fisk—MacLachlan. Dr. Graham Chudleigh Fisk, third son of Sir Ernest and Lady Fisk, the Hyde Park Hotel, Knightsbridge, and Sydney, Australia, married Miss Flora Dewar MacLachlan, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. K. F. MacLachlan, of Jesmond, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, at the Servite Church, Fulham Rd.



Hart—Gay. At St. Michael's Church, Playden, Rye, Capt. Kenneth Geoffrey Ian Hart, 7th Queen's Own Hussars, only son of Major and Mrs. K. E. Hart, Wimbledon Close, The Downs, Wimbledon, married Miss Judith Marion Gay, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Gay, of Great Banks, Rye, Sussex

THEY WERE MARRIED



Lacey—Guise-Moores. Major Thomas Lacey, D.F.C., R.H.A., elder son of Dr. and Mrs. G. E. W. Lacey, of Kingston Lodge, Woolwich, married at Boldre Church, Lymington, Miss Barbara Katherine Guise-Moores, younger daughter of the late Major B. S. K. Guise-Moores, O.B.E., M.C., R.A., and Mrs. Guise-Moores, of Burrard Cottage, Lymington, Hants

Victor Yorke



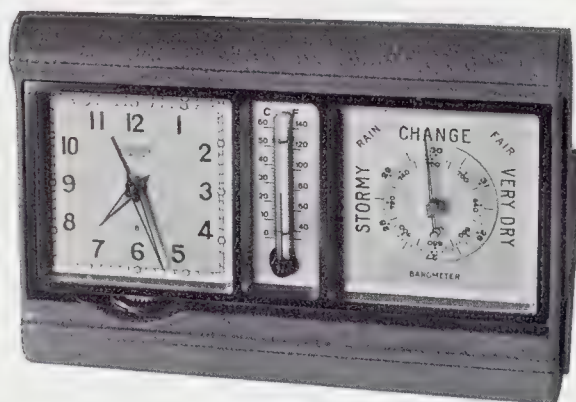
Gardner—Swire. Mr. Francis Peter Edmund Gardner, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Gardner, of Fairfield, Tottenhall, Chester, married, in Eton College Chapel, Miss Flora Macdonald Otta Evelyn Swire, only daughter of Col. and Mrs. Roger Swire, of Orbst, by Dunvegan, Isle of Skye. The Bishop of Argyll and the Isles officiated at the wedding

Pride of possession

WHETHER for the bride who is furnishing for the first time, or for the housewife of many years' experience, a present for the home is always welcome. Here are some suggestions for different rooms, in a variety of prices—JEAN CLELAND



Back on the market after an absence of many years are 400-day clocks, of which this is an elegant example. Just rotate the pendulum, and you can forget all about it for over a year. Its price is £8 17s. 6d. and Selfridges have it in stock



Time, temperature, weather, all can be seen at a glance with this combination clock. Price £29. Finnigans, New Bond St.



Above: An enchanting little Viennese cigarette box that, when open, plays a tune as gay as the figures on the lid. Price £9 9s. From Finnigans

Right: Alarm clock with a difference, for the teenagers room. One budgerigar wags its tail constantly, and the other dances when the alarm rings. Selfridges, £3 19s. 6d.





Above: A lovely hand-painted brush and comb set—silver deposit on real enamel. Price £24 5s. Powder bowl to match, £11. 0s. 6d. From Marshall and Snelgrove

Below: A new idea is this glass-topped dressing table tray in floral design for carrying creams and cosmetics. From Elizabeth Arden, its price is £2 7s. 6d.



Dennis Smith

Beauty

Jean Cleland

Discipline for an oily skin

LAST week, in response to a number of requests from friends and readers, I discussed ways of treating a dry skin. Now I am going to talk about the oily type, and advise those of you who are bothered in this way as to the best way of dealing with an often-vexatious problem

PEOPLE who have what we call a "normal" skin—neither too dry nor too greasy—are fortunate. Others who tend very definitely towards one or the other are for ever arguing as to which is worse. For myself, I would say there is little to choose. Both have their drawbacks, and both, unless taken very firmly in hand, can cause a considerable amount of trouble. While excessively dry skin is prone to the crepiness which in time produces lines and wrinkles, the oily type leads to such problems as open pores and various blemishes.

The oily skin is usually of the thick, fairly heavy type, which very easily becomes relaxed. This it is which gives that open "orange-peely" look which is so unbecoming, and which makes it easy for dust and specks of dirt to become embedded. When this happens, the pores become clogged and unable to breathe, with the result that they open up more than ever. It is easy to see, therefore, that the chief needs of a skin of this type are thorough *deep* cleansing, stimulation and refining.

FIRST cleansing. As with the dry skin, this can be done in various ways. Elizabeth Arden advocates a "Fluffy Cleansing Cream" which is of what she calls a "whipped cream consistency," and sinks very easily into the pores, to bring away dust and impurities. Helena Rubinstein has a "Deep Cleanser" which is a fluid cream. This penetrates deep down into the pores and very quickly and effectively removes all trace of make-up and little specks of dirt. Some of the other beauty salons have cleansing lotions which tone as they cleanse. All are good for this condition, and infinitely preferable to the other cleansing creams designed for a dry skin. So when making a choice, do be sure to ask for something created for the oily type.

In my opinion an oily skin responds well to what I call *double* cleansing. First, with one of the preparations already mentioned, to remove the make-up, and then a thorough shampoo with a good complexion soap and water. When I say "shampoo," I mean just that. Ordinary washing is

not enough. Make a thick lather and work it in first with the fingers, and then with a soft nail-brush if your skin is of the thick, heavy type, or—if less heavy—with a shaving brush.

BRUSH with a rotary movement until the skin begins to glow, then rinse with cold water, splashing it up and patting the face as you do so. The brushing and the splashing both help to brace up the underlying tissues, and to correct the sluggishness which is part and parcel of the condition.

Toning, which is important for all kinds of skin, is especially so for the oily type, in which it is essential to whip up the circulation and keep the blood flowing freely beneath the surface. Something stronger than tonic lotion is needed, and so in its place a good astringent should be used. Cover a face patten with damp cotton wool, sprinkle this with the astringent and pat until the skin feels warm. The patting can be more vigorous than that used on a thin sensitive type of skin, as there is less risk of damaging the small veins underneath. Even so, cheekbones should be avoided, as it is here that the veins are particularly close to the surface.

DO not imagine, because your skin is greasy, that massage with a good skin food can be dispensed with altogether. It needs this, but the important thing is to choose the *right* kind of skin food. Most of the beauty salons have massage creams that are specially made for oily complexions—as well as others for the dry type—and the best way of making a choice is to consult one of the experts in your favourite salon and get individual advice. If you cannot get to a salon, then get advice from one of the good stores, where in the beauty departments there are usually consultants in charge of the various displays of beauty preparations.

Massage should be done both night and morning, but when it is finished the cream should be entirely removed from the face. To ensure this, go all over the skin with a pad of cotton wool wrung out in

cold water, and sprinkled with astringent lotion.

The choice of foundation is a crucial point, as this it is that helps—if it is the right one—to keep the make-up cool and matt, and prevent the skin from shining. As a rule, the best foundation for an oily skin is a liquid or semi-liquid, as these are less greasy than creams and have a more lasting effect. Here again I would suggest consulting an expert. For controlling and correcting the oily condition beneath the foundation, I can strongly recommend "Liquidine" made by Helena Rubinstein. This should be applied to the skin *before* putting on the foundation, and then the whole face should be lightly "blotted" with a skin tissue before putting on the powder.

FOR refining the pores two things in particular should be done. *One*, apply a good pore cream every other night, or—if the oily condition is very marked and the pores noticeably open and relaxed—every night for a time. This should be done after the face has been massaged with skin food and all cream removed with the astringent. A thin film of the pore cream should be left on until the morning to do its work during the night.

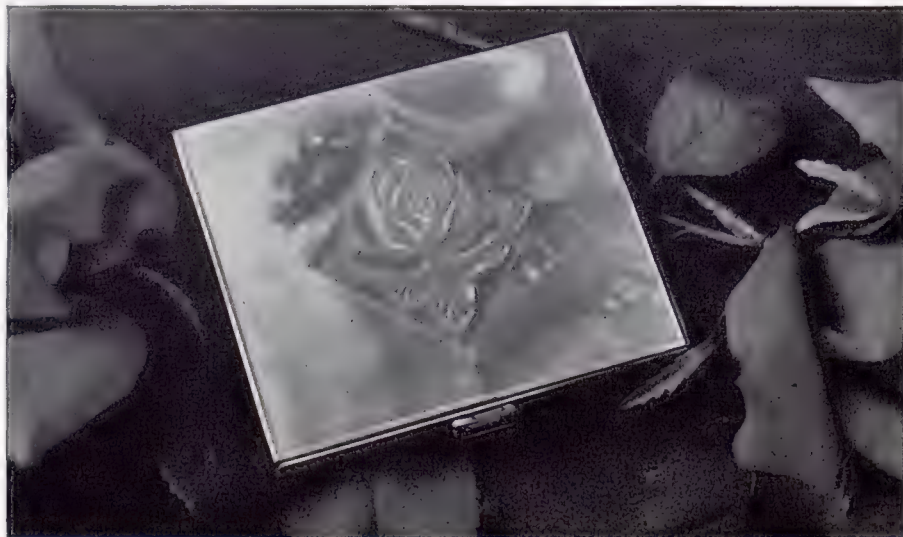
Two, apply a refining mask once or twice a week to stimulate and refine the skin. There are quite a number of excellent makes which can be had ready prepared for use at home, or given as part of a treatment in the well-known beauty salons.

For cases of extreme oiliness, there are other preparations—in addition to those I have mentioned. Refining lotions and special "Grains" (for washing) to mention only two. If you are troubled in this way, it is worth while making inquiries from the experts, or writing to the salons for advice as to which particular ones would suit your case.

I have now given you advice on how to deal with the two most frequent and stubborn obstacles to skin perfection—dryness and oiliness. If you are unlucky enough to suffer from either of these, you will find that by closely following my instructions you will obtain a skin which is youthful and beautiful—and what is more, that can be kept that way.



An exquisite rose pearl compact for the evening. Price £6 10s., from Marshall and Snelgrove







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RESISTANCE leader in the struggle of English Catholics to preserve their religion under Queen Elizabeth I was William Weston, whose autobiography, translated by Philip Caraman, is to be published next Monday (Longmans, Green, 18s.)

[Continuing from page 494]

At the junction for Chaos

CHANGE HERE FOR BABYLON (Collins, 10s. 6d.) should add to the reputation of Nina Bawden, its outstandingly gifted English author. Here's a novel not in the "crime" class, yet using an act of violence to precipitate a crisis in the lives of two married couples, in a Midland provincial university town. Tom Harrington, the "I" of the story, hard-up don, is torn between pitying tenderness for his wife Nora and desire for handsome, gallant Emily Hunter—whose husband, Geoffrey, is an exasperating success.

The Harringtons seem hampered in every way: Nora's soured mother shares their small-street home; and about the town, making trouble, is Nora's brother, a journalist—not incapable, it appears, of blackmail. Meanwhile Emily, as the result of a show-down, wishes to break away from Geoffrey. . . . David's mysterious death is to bring all movements under suspicion.

Here we see likeable people, caged by their weaknesses. Each step taken is, by some fatality, in the wrong direction. Each scene is vivid, haunting, only *too* lifelike! From the prologue-paragraph, on the opening page, we learn that one of the characters ends on the scaffold. Which, and why, the story is to disclose. But it is not for that reason that one reads tensely on—*Change Here For Babylon* has a fascination in which pity, candour and kindness all play a part.

★ ★ ★

WE are lucky to have a new Christianna Brand: *TOUR DE FORCE* (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.). And one could not, I think, wish for a better. Darling Inspector Cockrill, the Terror of Kent, has confided himself to the unknown—gone abroad, that is, with a "conducted tour." Cockie is not so sure he cares for Abroad: however, he keeps an open mind till murder breaks out among his companions. And not only this: before the thing is through, Cockie himself is to figure as chief suspect! An island dungeon, redolent of goat, finds our dear and good little man at his lowest ebb.

Odyssey Tours Ltd., show enterprise; their clients are caused to diverge from the beaten track. The plane with the party touches down at Milan; from thence there's a conveyance to Rapallo, then on to the aesthetic heights of Siena. After that, the Spanish-Italian island of San Juan el Pirata—some twenty kilometres off the coast of Tuscany. In the island's luxury hotel, the Bellomare, all seems set for sun-baked repose before further sight-seeing. But it is here that the situation, simmering since Siena, comes to the boil. Fat little Fernando Gomez (the Odyssey courier), Louvaine Barker, radiant best-seller writer, Leo Rodd of the lately-ruined career, and vivacious Mr. Cecil of the fashion world are among those caught in the web of suspicion. An unpopular, possibly blackmailing, girl lies slain.

The island, its zealous barefoot police, and its stop-at-nothing hereditary ruler are brought into being with an enchanting funniness. Musical-comedy though the atmosphere is, danger is ever-present: San Juan makes its own laws, and is apt to hang first, then think later. . . . The solution of *Tour De Force* is daring, and takes the reader utterly by surprise—so much so that one wants to re-read the book, to assure oneself that the thing was possible. But I think I'd have re-read it anyway, just for pleasure.

Incidentally, a novel as good as this deserves a less inaccurate blurb. What's all this about Cockie "bumping along the raw red roads of southern Spain?" The Spanish Peninsula was untouched.

Helena Rubinstein's *Beauty News*

NEW VITAMIN-LANOLIN FORMULA Revives Dry Lined Skins

A modern vitamin liquid that promises dry lined skin the fresh bloom of youth—that is Vitamin-Lanolin Formula! Two vital ingredients work together for your skin health. Vitamin A corrects dryness. Replenishing lanolin restores moisture. Simply smooth on Vitamin-Lanolin Formula—your skin becomes *instantly* lovelier! Women over 35 with dry sensitive skin need the extra nourishment of Night Hormone Cream, 36/-. The rich hormones feed the inner skin to make the outer skin firm and beautiful.



Helena Rubinstein uses an amber bottle to protect Vitamin A. Vitamin-Lanolin Formula 9/9. Special economy size 17/3.



AMAZING NEW DEEP CLEANSER

Cleans Deep for Beauty!

Here's a truly modern way to clean your face! Helena Rubinstein perfects creamy Deep Cleanser. This gentle fluid penetrates deeper into pore openings to float out dirt and stale make-up. Whisks away mascara! Melts off lipstick! All in a moment! A special antiseptic ingredient destroys harmful blemish-causing impurities. Yet it is mild enough for a baby's skin. And Deep Cleanser's rich emollients leave your skin magnolia-soft . . . immaculate. Deep Cleanser in squeeze-bottle 12/- and special trial size 6/9.

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Silk Face Powder 10/6, 20/3. Refills 17/3.

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Learn your routine:

To find the treatment best suited to *your* skin, visit the London Salon, or ask our trained consultants at your favourite store. Helena Rubinstein, 3 Grafton Street, London W.1, Paris, New York



Left: The Aga Khan standing by his Mercedes sports car at the golf club above Lausanne. Right, the Marquis de Cramayel, son of the Comtesse Chevreau d'Antraigues, in the grounds of her beautiful house at Orchy with a Nash saloon



Haldane

Motoring

SMOOTH OR KNOBBLY?

FALLEN leaves are as good a skating surface for motor-cars as any other, which reminds me of the argument that went on a few weeks ago about the kind of tyre tread which gave the best adhesion. It was stated by a police witness that a smooth tread gave superior results. All of which indicates just how misleading "scientific tests" can be. For the statement *has* the support of scientific tests. But, as with most statements about road safety, it leaves out an essential qualifying clause.

The truth—and it would be well for the police, the Ministry of Transport and the multitudinous busybodies who put forward their ideas of how to reduce accidents to remember it—is that resistance to skidding when the forces on the car are constant is not an affair of tyre treads; nor is it an affair of road surfaces; it is an affair of both. To speak of a "good non-skid tread" is as meaningless as to speak of a good non-skid road surface.

RESISTANCE to skidding is the outcome of a partnership between tyre tread and road surface. Maximum resistance would be obtained by a spiked wheel running along a perforated surface so that the spikes matched the perforations. In short the rack and pinion are the best of all non-skid devices. But they will not suit motor-cars. At the other end of the scale there is the perfectly smooth road surface and the perfectly smooth tyre tread. Again adhesion is high *for* that tread and *for* that surface.

Between these extremes there is the indented tread and the roughened road surface—a sound, practical compromise. I tremble to think what will happen to those who interpreted the police statement about the superiority of smooth treads literally when, at this time of year, they meet a seasonal bit of surface mud. Trials drivers do not fit knobbly tyre treads because they think that they look prettier than smooth treads but because—on the surfaces they have to use—it is indisputable that they grip better.

A macabre incident occurred in that tragic shooting affray in Kent in late August. A United States airman, it may be recalled,

ran amok with a gun, killed three and injured nine others. During his reign of terror, he took a motor-car and drove to a seaside resort where he stopped the car. The car park attendant, undaunted, it seems, by the smoking gun, was as precise in his duties as they all are in this country, and informed the man that he could not leave his car there.

I feel certain that when the last trump sounds and I drive my car through the pearly gates to the section reserved for the British, I shall be met by a heavenly attendant who will say: "You can't leave that here." It is a displeasing revelation of character that so many people in London and other British towns, consider it to be their primary duty in life to prevent anybody from leaving a private motor-car standing anywhere whatsoever.

THERE have been signs that road work is beginning on a somewhat larger scale than before; but it is difficult to assess its extent because we have been in the throes of the annual road overhaul. This overhaul is a baffling process. Roads with perfectly good surfaces, which might last another two years without causing serious trouble, are torn up and roads which are in a poor state of repair are left untouched.

And then there is the long-drawn-out procedure. Surely it is time that road works were done at top speed; that the latest equipment and the latest materials were used so as to complete repairs in the shortest period. And there are the repairs to the pavement which always spread out into the road and add to the road users' troubles. It is horrifying to contemplate the lavish way in which ratepayers' money is spent on renewing pavements which are good for at least a hundred years more without inconvenience to pedestrians.

Yet we can forgive all this muddle and all this misjudgment if some of the essential new work is begun.

My only fear, a very well-founded one, is that the desperate activities of the local

and other authorities in providing more accommodation in the form of more houses, more hotels and more offices will outstrip the dilatory roadmaking.

Bond Street should be impassable within a few years, when the local population density has been increased as the new buildings are put into use. My own village of Outwood, in Surrey, is being built all round and over, but nobody gives a thought to the one main road which is still the same village street that it was many years ago.

Building ought to be interlocked with road-making. Where the population density, permanent or passing, is to be increased, there the road area available should also be increased. The word planning seems to have come into use just when planning, in fact, ceased. The town and country planning authorities are making ready a rubbish dump for the generations to come.

NOR far away now is the Tourist Trophy race. The Ulster Automobile Club had to close entries some time before the official closing date. They had already received a sufficiently large number to provide all possible starters and all possible reserves. It is a good augury for the event.

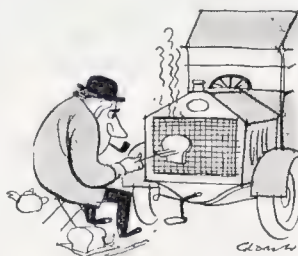
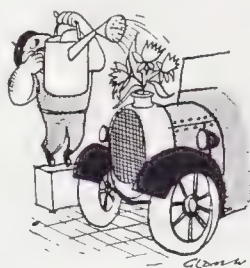
The permitted maximum number of cars on the Dundrod circuit is fifty-four and when the decision to close entries was made the club had received one hundred applications. More were arriving every day. This, as I mentioned in a previous article, is the jubilee Tourist Trophy race and to mark the occasion, special celebrations have been arranged. For instance

there is to be a midnight performance at the Royal Hippodrome, Belfast, at which, in addition to the stage show, there will be the first running of a new motor racing film.

FORD's non-stop progress in the field of production is now marked by the output of 120 Ford Popular cars every day at the Doncaster works.

This is the Balby works of Briggs Motor Bodies, which is a Ford subsidiary. It is one of the few factories where body manufacture and final assembly take place under one roof. At the famous Dagenham works the production rate is something like 1,500 vehicles—cars, commercial vehicles and tractors—a day. The present Ford Popular was announced in 1953. It was in 1932 that the 1172 c.c. Popular was introduced at £120, and three years later the price was lowered to £100.

—Oliver Stewart





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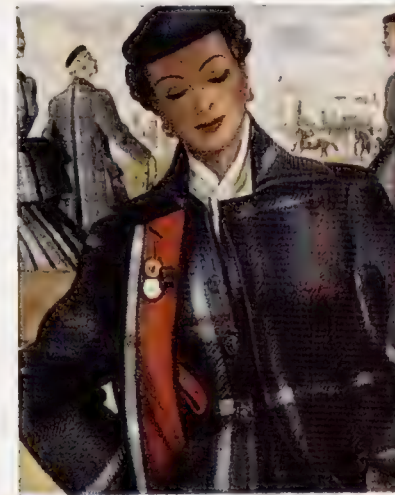
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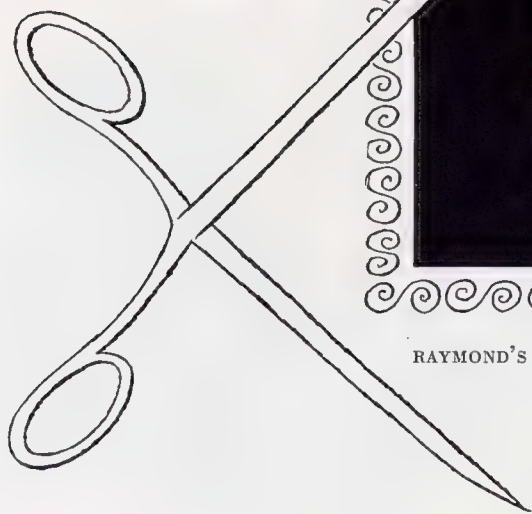
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For the man about town

Ballerina

FULLY FASHIONED NYLON STOCKINGS

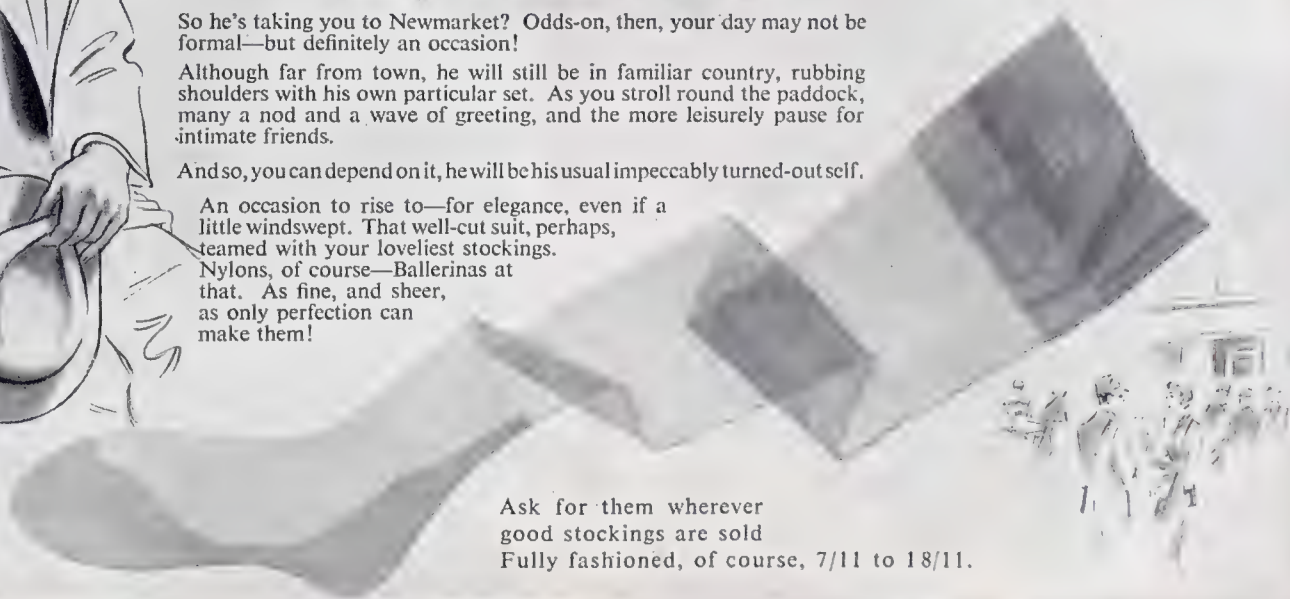
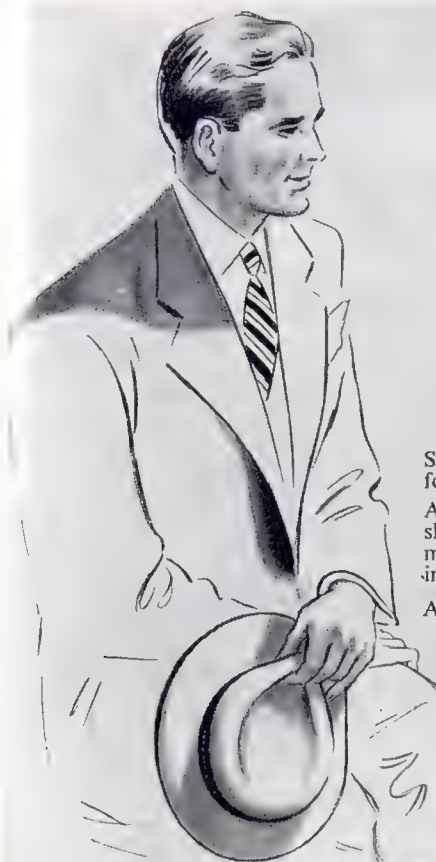
So he's taking you to Newmarket? Odds-on, then, your day may not be formal—but definitely an occasion!

Although far from town, he will still be in familiar country, rubbing shoulders with his own particular set. As you stroll round the paddock, many a nod and a wave of greeting, and the more leisurely pause for intimate friends.

And so, you can depend on it, he will be his usual impeccably turned-out self.

An occasion to rise to—for elegance, even if a little windswept. That well-cut suit, perhaps, teamed with your loveliest stockings. Nylons, of course—Ballerinas at that. As fine, and sheer, as only perfection can make them!

Ask for them wherever
good stockings are sold
Fully fashioned, of course, 7/11 to 18/11.





Lacquer Sheen

invisible hair net

does away with the
blown-about look



By Appointment
to the late
Queen Mary

Let it rain . . . let the winds blow . . .
a light spray of Lacquersheen—the
Invisible Hair Net—will hold your hair in
place all the day long—come what may.

And—thanks to the new wonder-conditioner,
Steinerlan, there's no hard, varnished look with
Lacquersheen . . . that's the beauty of it.
Whatever your hair style Lacquersheen puts it
in place—keeps it there and leaves it looking
completely natural. Just comb, spray and

forget your hair. Ask for Lacquer-
sheen in the squeeze-e-spray
bottle 7/9, and in the New Press
Button economy size 11/9.
From top chemists, stores and
hairdressers everywhere.



Steiner

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Pure wool

Excellently

Styled for

Chilly mortals

Obviously...

PESCO
underwear

in pure wool and silk-and-wool

PETER SCOTT & CO LTD • HAWICK • SCOTLAND



*Black shell jersey dress, with ring
stole lined in eau-de-nil satin*

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LONDON • PARIS • NEW YORK

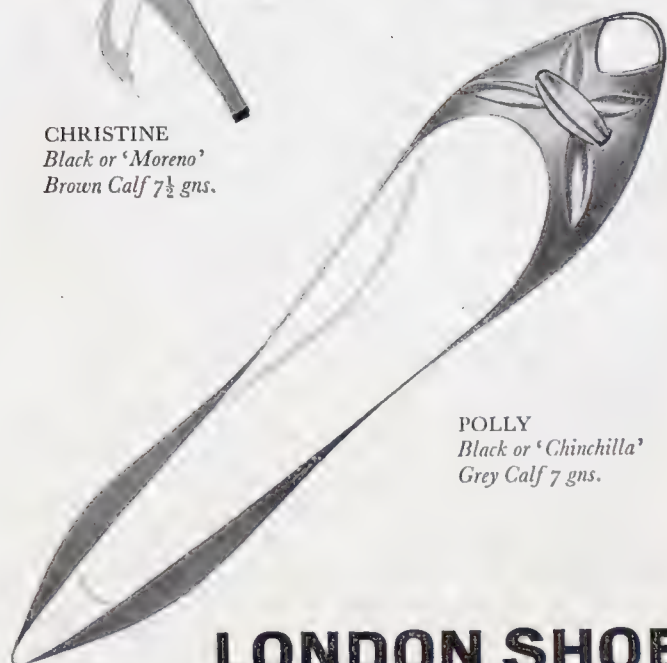
Hat by Madam Brill



Bally
of Switzerland



CHRISTINE
Black or 'Moreno'
Brown Calf 7½ gns.



POLLY
Black or 'Chinchilla'
Grey Calf 7 gns.

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Company Ltd.

116 & 117, New Bond Street, W. 1.

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260, Regent Street, W. 1.

Helanca yarn
such stretch
such CLING!



And all because HELANCA—the only guaranteed wonder-stretch nylon yarn—brings a host of exciting new features to underwear, stockings, socks, etc. Caressingly it stretches itself to cling to your contours with perfect comfort without a single wrinkle; it "lives" to the touch of your skin, keeps it warm and lets it breathe naturally; exquisitely soft and gentle, extra easy to wash and dry. But even more wonderful—HELANCA Yarn just wears, wears and wears.

HELANCA Yarn is being used for Ballito Stockings, Kayser Bondor Pantees, I. & R. Morley Stockings, Wolsey Men's Socks, Cooper's Y-front Men's Trunks, etc., etc.

Helanca

the guaranteed wonder-stretch yarn

Produced in England by:
JOHN HEATHCOAT & CO. LTD.

20 Savile Row, London, W.1.
according to processes and standards controlled and specified by the owners—Heberlein & Co., A.G., Switzerland.

Export enquiries:
Fashion Silk & Rayon Weavers Ltd.
1 Argyll Street, London W.1

Such wonderful stretch!



Cut, Perm,
Evansky HAIR FASHIONS

Cut, Perm,

Cut, Perm,

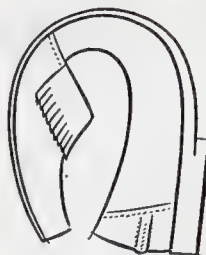
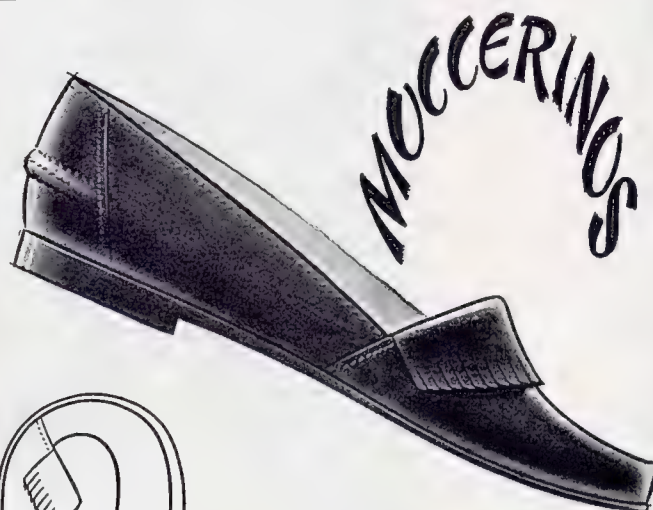
Cut, Perm,

Cut, Perm,

"Cut and Perm?" you may say a little wistfully. "Extravagant, surely?" It needn't be, you know, for our yearly perm service is a secret shared by every fashion conscious woman. Gently and often, we say—giving your hair that always 'right' look.



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A new featherweight construction Moccasin in the warm colours of Aniline Calf, Auburn, Bamboo, Birch and Mat Black. Also in Brown, Black and Mushroom Suede. Price 59/9.

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tunic suit
in fine worsted crêpe.
Pockets and collar
in velvet, bead
embroidered.
In all new Autumn
shades.

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*... of
consummate
perfection*



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wear is the concern
of the Bordermen of
Hawick whose

sole criterion is consummate perfection. Haste and speed enter not
into the scheme of things, for here the loveliest of cashmeres and
lambswools are conjured into garments of lasting beauty. Soft as
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are born only of skill and time-won
knowledge

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465 gns.*

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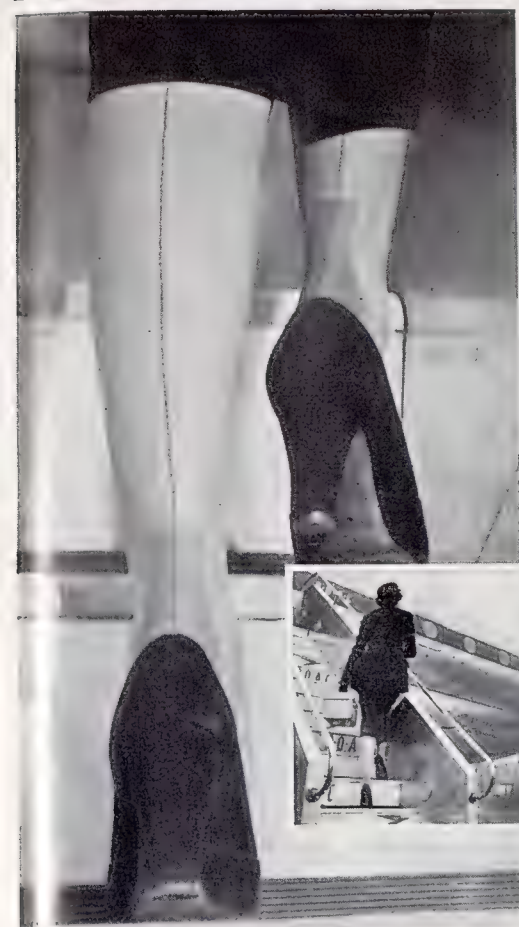
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IT CAN! THERE IS A LOVELY STRATTON COMPACT
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FOR ANY OCCASION.

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leading makes of pressed creme
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you can change to loose
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Ask to see them.



The designs shown are two
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A superb country suit with its own
central heating; in thick, dark camel-hair and wool,
the jacket lined with ocelot-dyed
kid-skin, supple and windproof. More warmth,
more good looks in the long casual cut of the
jacket, the big handstitched collar and cuffs.

Hips 36-38 **55 guineas**

Shown with ocelot-dyed kid-skin blouse **24 gns**

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PERFECT

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An Italian-inspired paste
whirl with a freshly
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or one of these perhaps?

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luscious combination.

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Truffle Nougatine Almond nougatine
and smooth chocolate truffle.

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mellowed by Jamaica Rum.

Strawberry Cream Real strawberries
flavour this smooth, creamy centre.

Ask for

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With fifteen deliciously different centres.
Each centre smuggles in a thick coat of milk chocolate.
Each is a triumph. And a great temptation.



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SABENA

97

Have a gimlet.
Thanks very much . . .
a whatlet?

A gimlet.
SEAGERS gin,
lime juice,
small iceberg.

Sounds promising.
Is it a gimlet if
the gin isn't SEAGERS?

I daresay, legally, but —
Ah! I know. You're
going to tell me SEAGERS
is some special kind of gin.

Let's put it more cautiously
and say that gin is merely
a kind of SEAGERS.

*Seager Evans & Co. Limited,
The Distillery, London SE8*

By the Flagship of Swedish Lloyd . . .

The WEST INDIAN VOYAGE of the season



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Venezuela, Curacao, Jamaica
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190 picked officers and crew look after
240 passengers! (Normal passenger com-
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Cheerful service. Enjoy the winter amid
nights of laughter and days of languor in
the luxuriant splendour of the Caribbean.

Single Fares from £90. Return Fares from £171
Outward from TILBURY, 3rd December, 1955.
Homeward from NASSAU, 17th April, 1956.



Also special round-trip fares during December,
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Riché launches his Champagne Shampoo

Here is a fabulous new inspiration of a shampoo. CHAMPAGNE SHAMPOO. Sheer extravagance!

Only RICHÉ would think of it. How it enlivens your hair! How the champagne makes it sparkle! What an exhilarating glint and glitter it gives to your hair! *Très gai!*

Into every sachet of CHAMPAGNE SHAMPOO is poured special *cuvee* champagne, produce of France.

By far the most intoxicating news in shampoo that ever went to your head, CHAMPAGNE SHAMPOO is now to be found at many better stores and chemists—and at RICHÉ's own luxurious hair-dressing salon in Hay Hill. A sachet (for one shampoo) is 1/-, and there are also Family Magnums for 3/6. *A votre santé!*

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monk shoe with comfortable cuban heel and
a bright gilt buckle; the ideal choice for
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In whisky, maple or black calf leather.

89/9



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Model No. MC. 3180
at leading Stores
and Shops.

Try the two-tankful test

First, fill up with Shell with I.C.A. Do not expect an immediate improvement, but second, fill up with Shell again. This will give you a chance to work on the deposits already in your cylinder.

The invitation a million people accepted

REMEMBER THIS INVITATION? We put it into our advertisement twenty months ago, when we had just introduced our new additive I.C.A into Shell.

A MILLION PEOPLE ACCEPTED IT.

The result? *A million people are convinced that Shell with I.C.A is the most completely satisfactory petrol they have ever used.*

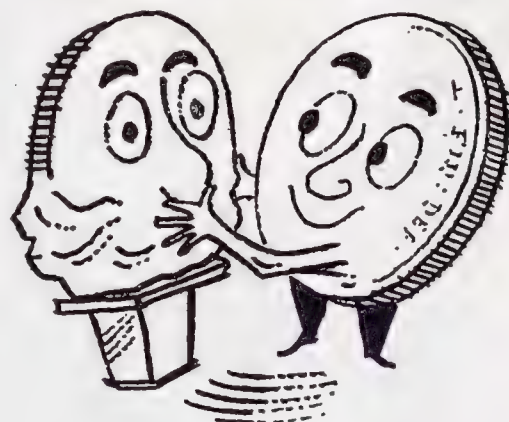
If you're not one of the million, we give you the invitation again: try the two-tankful test. You will be doing it on Summer Shell, which is specially blended to meet the special demands of hot weather motoring. On your second tankful you will notice *definitely smoother running and fuller power.*



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**The most powerful
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National Provincial Bank
where good fortunes grow



Drawing from life of a young woman who shares her husband's tastes, specially commissioned by the House of Whitbread from *R.T. Cowern*

"Among the things I don't quarrel with my husband about is the beer he insists on — *I know what we're getting when we drink*

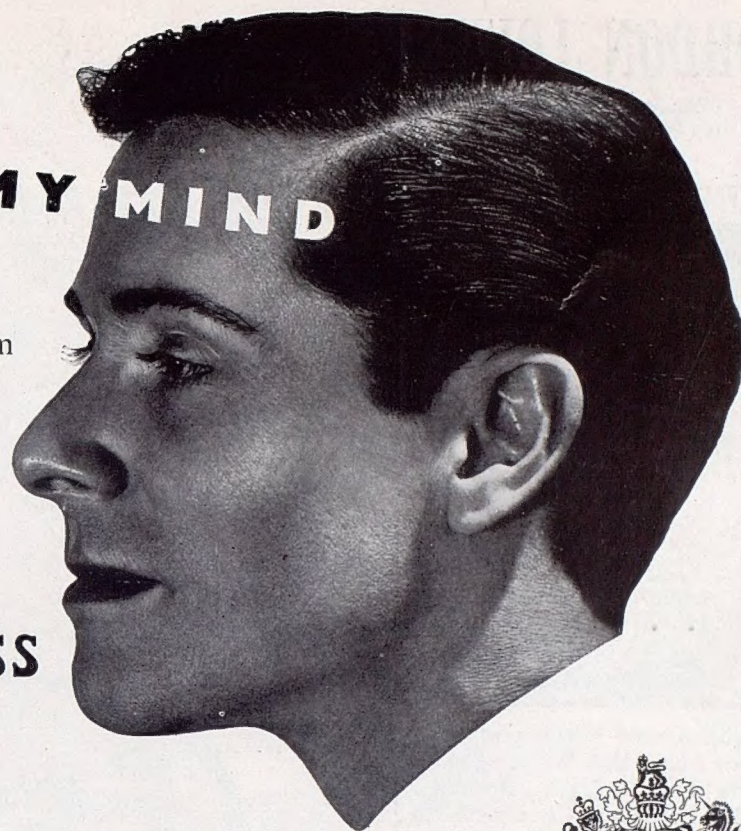
WHITBREAD
the superb Pale Ale



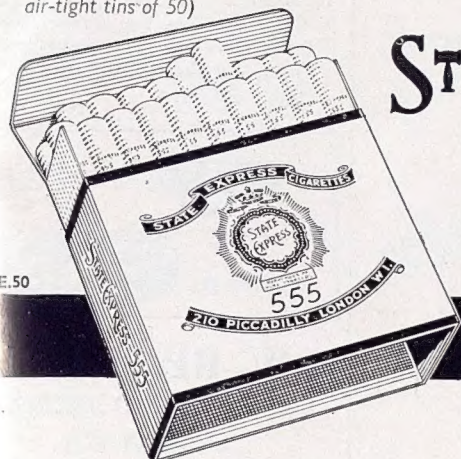
IT CROSSED MY MIND

that here I am with a standard of living quite a bit above the average; yet in one respect I am going on in a groove, when for the sake of the odd pennies I could be enjoying the

best cigarettes in the world—



11 FOR 20
in 10 • 25 • 50 • 100
(including round
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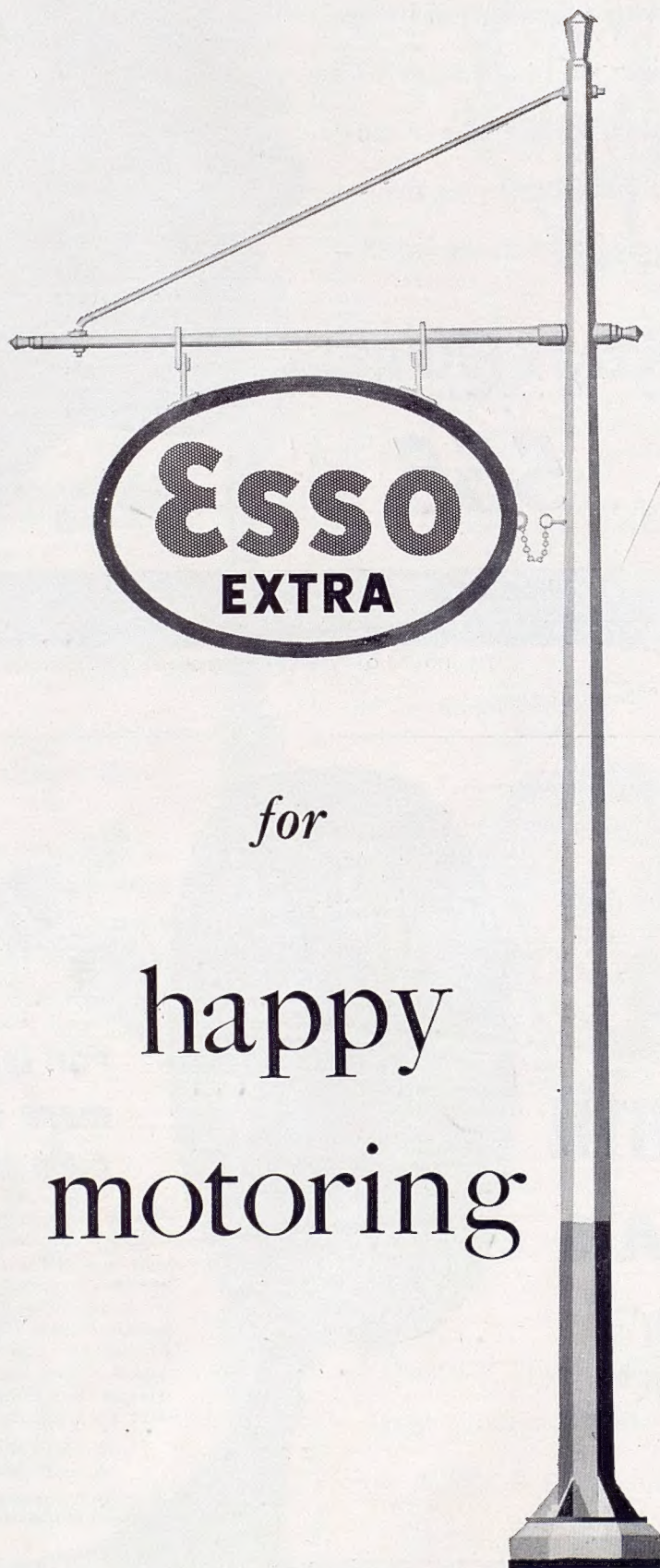
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To feed, clothe, house, educate and train our family for worthwhile careers calls for a deep purse, but with your help this can be done.

We plead for the children. Please send a Gift now or remember our family when making your Will.

Cheques, etc. (crossed), payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes" should be sent to 330 Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

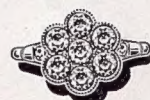


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happy
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SOLO
SAYS...



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ask for...

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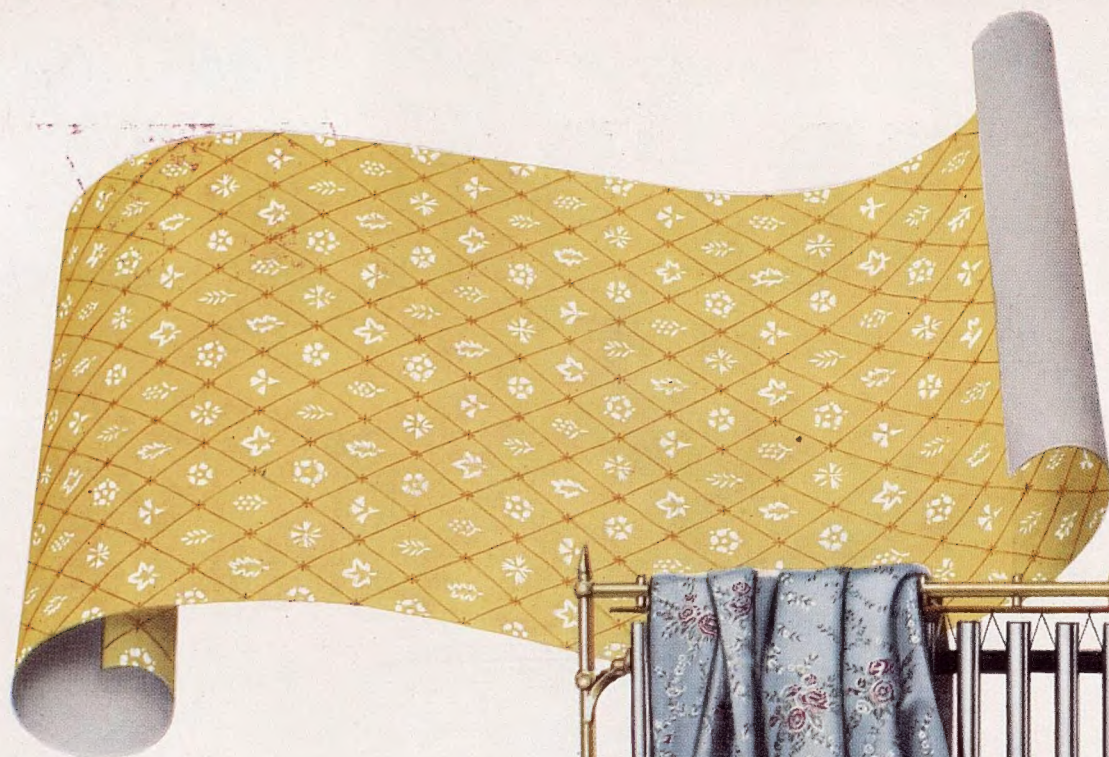
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